Sept. 1, 1962

THE NEW YORKER

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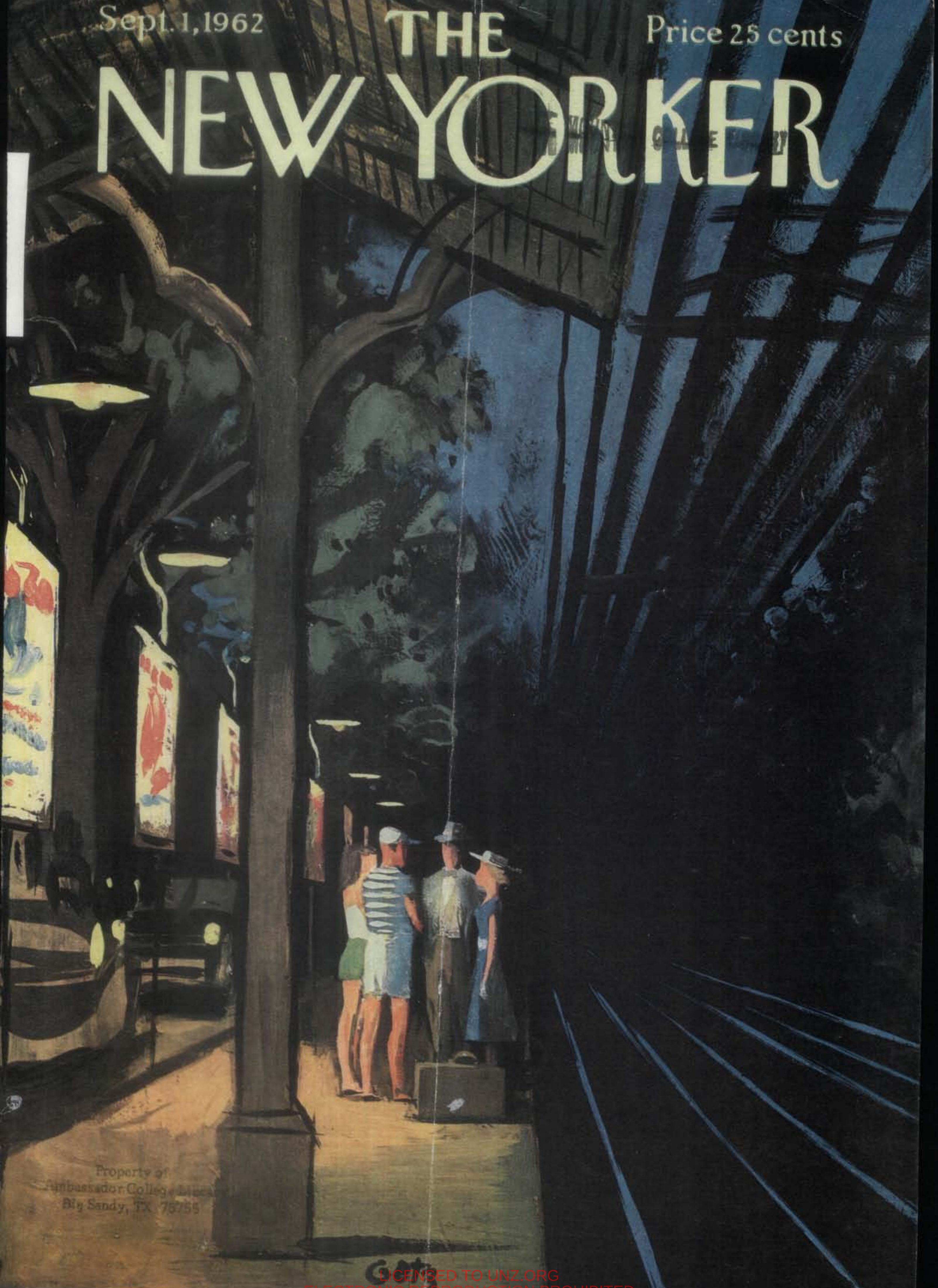

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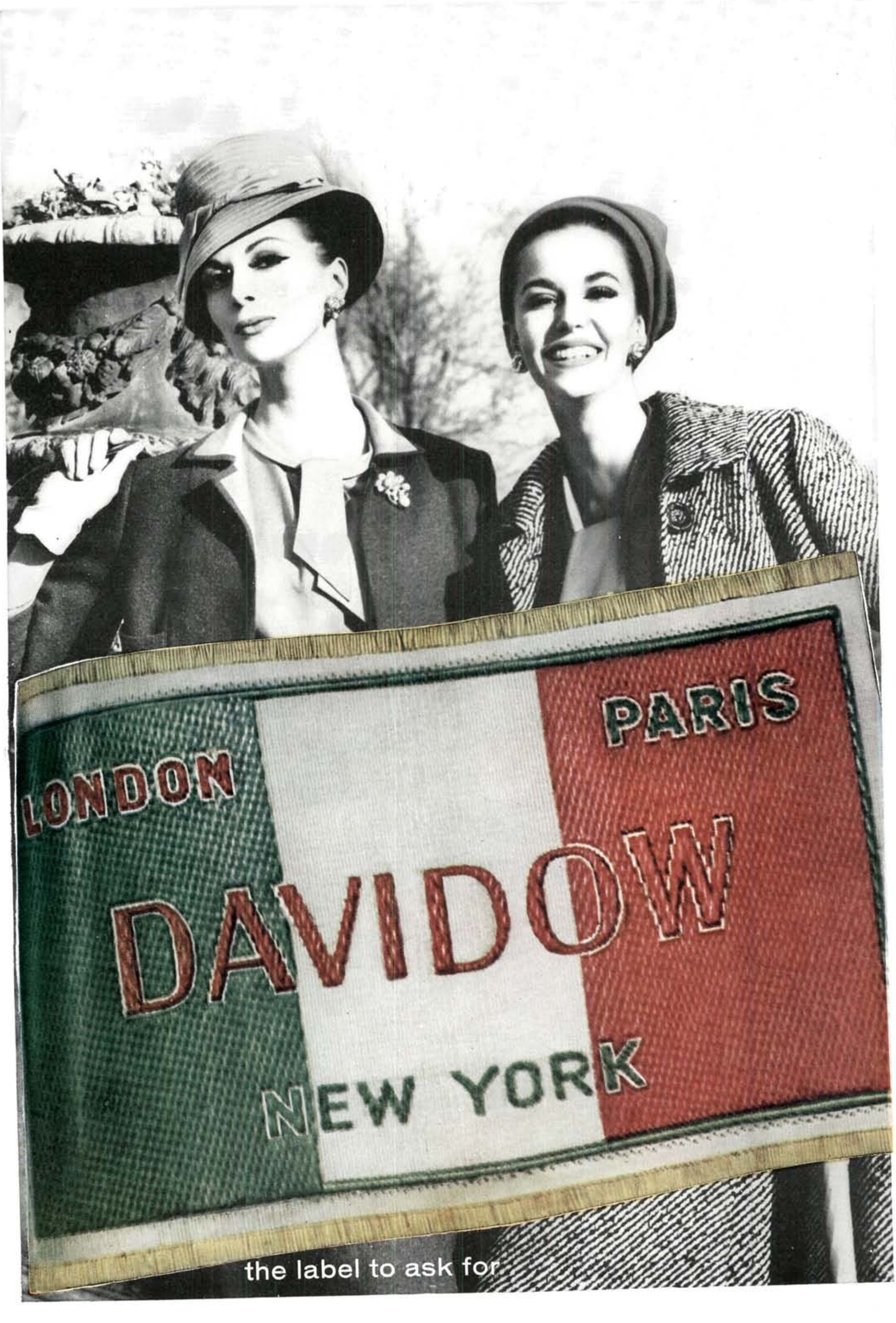
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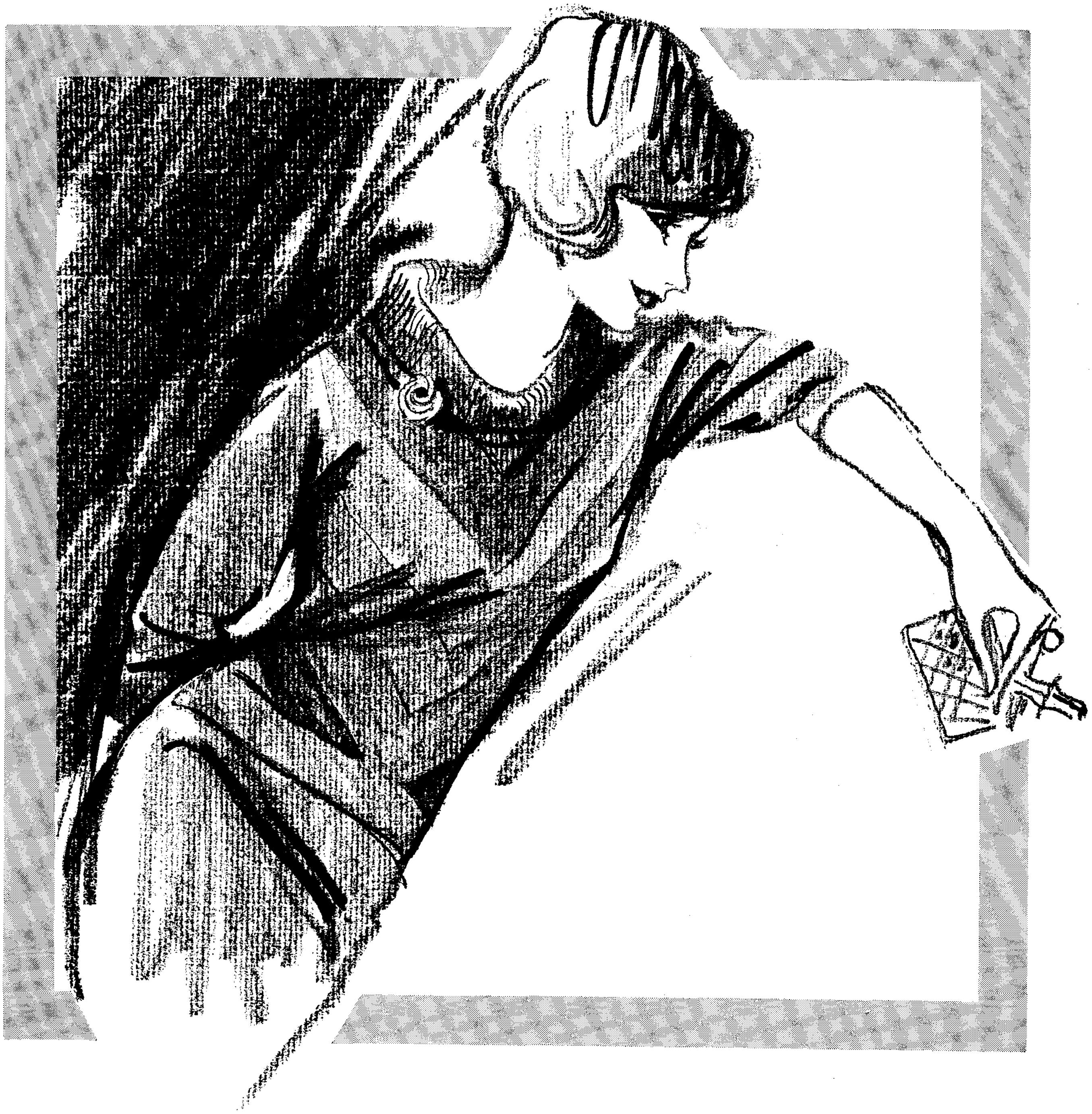

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, most theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Labor Day, Sept. 3. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Night of the Iguana—Tennessee Williams philosophizing about life, death, loneliness, God, sex, and other large problems in a play that demonstrates the Master's skill but is fairly shapeless. The scene is a ramshackle Mexican hotel. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

Take Her, She's Mine—A comedy about the worries of a West Coast father who sends his daughter to an Eastern school and then becomes alarmed at the thought that wolves from Harvard, M.I.T., Dartmouth, and Yale will devour her. Art Carney and Elizabeth Ashley are likable as the father and daughter, but the play contains more TV suds than legitimate substance. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

A Thousand Clowns—A garrulous but funny charade about a man in revolt against Madison Avenue conformity, in which Jason Robards, Jr., Sandy Dennis, Barry Gordon, A. Larry Haines, William Daniels, and Gene Saks appear to good purpose. The play was written by Herb Gardner and has been directed in jovial style by Fred Coe. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**come blow your horn:** Father wants his sons to get busy in the artificial-fruit game, and they don't think much of the idea. Now with Tom Poston, Martin Huston, and Lou Jacobi, who will be replaced on Sunday, Sept. 2, by Morris Carnovsky. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Tuesdays, except Sept. 4, through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 22.) . . . **a man for all seasons:** The seasonable man in Robert Bolt's work is, of course, Sir Thomas More, now played by Emlyn Williams. He is supported by George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, and David J. Stewart. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2.) . . . **mary, mary:** This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, and Edward Mulhare are in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.) . . . **a shot in the dark:** A blend of French farce and courtroom melodrama in which Julie Harris plays a passionate maid accused of putting a bullet into the Spanish chauffeur who has been her most recent flame. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 22.)

MUSICALS

Bravo Giovanni—Reopens Friday, Sept. 7, with Cesare Siepi. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Plautus, that jolly old Roman, never had himself so well adapted as in this interpretation of his works by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart. The antic doings are done to a crisp, refreshing turn by Zero Mostel, David Burns, Jack Gilford, John Carradine, Raymond Walburn, and assorted cuties billed as Vibrato and the like. The music isn't anything to reflect upon, but the lyrics are good enough, and the direction by George Abbott is always galvanic. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 5, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

I Can Get It for You Wholesale—Jerome Weidman has adapted his scathing, funny novel about the garment business into a musical that is just as scathing and funny. Harold Rome's songs are, with a couple of exceptions, tuneful, varied, and ebullient. The performances—singing, acting, and dancing—by all concerned are quite wonderful. Elliott Gould, Barbra Streisand, Harold Lang, and Lillian Roth head the cast. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 5, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

No Strings—A show that affords every conceivable treat for ear and eye. The songs (lyrics, too) are by Richard Rodgers; the settings—Paris and various spots *au bord de la mer*—are by David Hays; and the choreography is by Joe Layton, who also handled the direction. The only flaw is in the book, by Samuel Taylor, which deals, in part, with the literary frustrations of an expatriate novelist. Richard Kiley, as the writer, and Diahann Carroll, as a Paris *Vogue* model, make an appealing pair of lovers. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 5, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**camelot:** Hands across the Table Round. With William Squire, Janet Pavek, and Robert Goulet. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 5, and Saturdays at 2:35; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.) . . . **carnival:** A musical that deals with life among a clutch of tent-show performers in southern Europe. The cast includes Susan Watson, James Mitchell, Jerry Orbach, and Kaye Ballard. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 5, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.) . . . **how to succeed in business without really trying:** Robert Morse plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée plays the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 5, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.) . . . **milk and honey:** A tour of Israel, with eight American widows in search of husbands. Mimi Benzell is one widow, Molly Picon is another, and Robert Weede is a visiting businessman. Hermione Gingold will replace Miss Picon starting Tuesday, Sept. 4. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2.) . . . **my fair lady:** Can the Lady be turning fickle? Now scheduled to close Saturday, Sept. 29—but of course such pettish announcements have been made before. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.) . . . **the sound of music:** A sentimental confection, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Jeannie Carson becomes the stepmother of seven wide-eyed children of the Trapp family, Donald Scott is their papa. Nancy Dussault will succeed Miss Carson on Wednesday, Sept. 5. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 5, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

American Savoyards—The final performances of a four-week season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday evening, Aug. 30: "Iolanthe." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Aug. 31: "The Mikado." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 1: "H.M.S. Pinafore." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 1: "Iolanthe." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 2: "The Mikado." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 2: "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées at 4.)

Anything Goes—This revival is youthful and merry enough to satisfy even the most stubbornly nostalgic old-timer, although he may object to the inexplicable addition of songs from other Cole Porter shows to a score that certainly doesn't need them. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies

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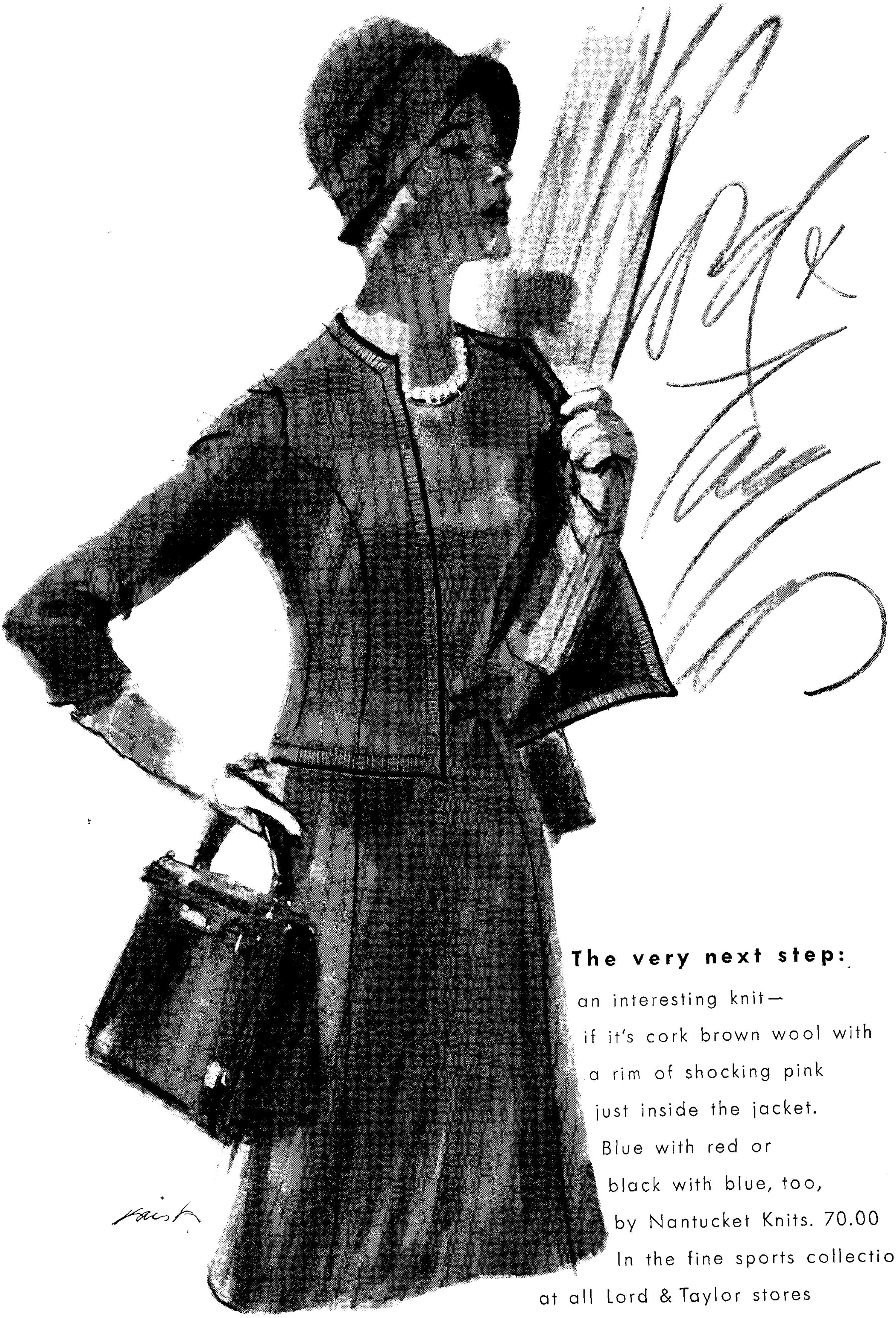

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. The direction, by Gene Frankel, is not all it might be; the cast of thirteen, an all-Negro one, is better. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Brecht on Brecht—An assortment of scenes, songs, and other fragments from the works of Bertolt Brecht, selected by George Tabori, who also translated most of them. The six actors in the company manage (with the help of the author) to generate quite a lot of excitement. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Hostage—A revival of Brendan Behan's rollicking comedy about an English soldier who is held captive in a Dublin lodging house, and about everything else on earth. Geoff Garland leads the cast. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30.)

Little Mary Sunshine—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Thursday and Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 3 and 8:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 2.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A young playwright named Arthur Kopit, a young actress named Barbara Harris, and a veteran director named Jerome Robbins split the limelight in this disturbing farce about a man-eating mother, her spindly son, and a girl who tries to seduce him. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Plays for Bleecker Street—Three new one-acters by Thornton Wilder: "Someone from Assisi," "Childhood," and "Infancy." "Childhood," in which a father makes a wish that he can be an invisible witness at his children's games and becomes a participant instead, is Mr. Wilder at his magical, almost best; and Henderson Forsythe, Susan Towers, Debbie Scott, and Philip Visco do him proud, as father and children, respectively. José Quintero is the director. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man and The Barroom Monks—A double bill. The more important half is a faithful and quite effective dramatization of key episodes from Joyce's novel. "The Barroom Monks," a sentimental yet also rather touching first play by Joseph Carroll, deals with the encounter of an alcoholic priest and a young medical student who works as a bartender. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete entertainment, starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. The girls are young, the routines are old, and the veteran comedians—Steve Mills, Charley Robinson, and Mac Dennison—are sometimes funny and sometimes just dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 8:30 and midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Note—A revue without music, partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting, is being presented at the Premise, 154 Bleecker St., a coffeehouse whose method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. (LF 3-5020.) The schedule: Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30 and 10:30; Fridays at 8, 10, and midnight; Saturdays at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

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BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Bolshoi Ballet—A three-and-a-half-week engagement that starts Thursday, Sept. 6, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 30. "Swan Lake" will be presented through Saturday, Sept. 8. (Metropolitan Opera House. OX 5-6157. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; evenings thereafter at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

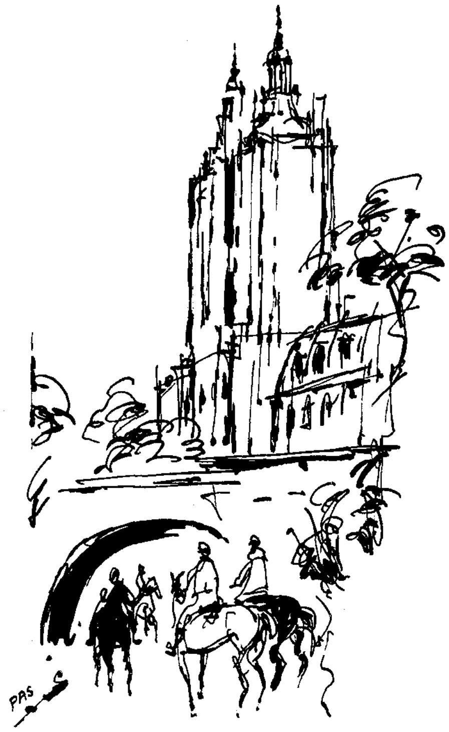
Rebekah Harkness Foundation Dance Festival—A series of six free performances. Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 4-5: José Limón and his company. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Sept. 6-7: The American Ballet Theatre. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 8-9: The Alvin Ailey Dance Theatre. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "King Lear," with Frank Silvera, Donald Harron, and Michael Higgins. The final production of the season. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8. Closes Saturday, Sept. 1.)

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company including Cathy Machado and Freddie Trenkler. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays, except Labor Day, through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Labor Day at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 16.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—"Paradise Island," a Hawaiian musical fantasy by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. Arthur Treacher and William Gaxton, who never say die, head a cast of more than two hundred. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 2. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)



NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A rock garden better known for its hardy perennials than for its modest violets. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra perform for anyone who'd rather dance. Those who wish to sit out the next dance should repair to the Champagne Room, where the loudest noise is Gleb Yellin's piano. Closed Saturday through Monday, Sept. 1-3.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a bustling spa in which Stanley Worth's band offers invitations to the dance every night but Monday, when another band takes over. Renato Rossini's guitar, which alternates between heartbreak and heart's balm, indulges in splendid meditation every night but Monday.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The summer season of the Persian Room, along with Russell Nype, who sings the very best songs of the day, comes to a close on Saturday, Sept. 1, and so do the orchestras of Milt Shaw and Mark Monte.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Gunnar Hansen's dance band is giving the giant Grill its first hearing in many years of Manhattan, not Midwestern, dance tempos. Closed Sundays and Labor Day.

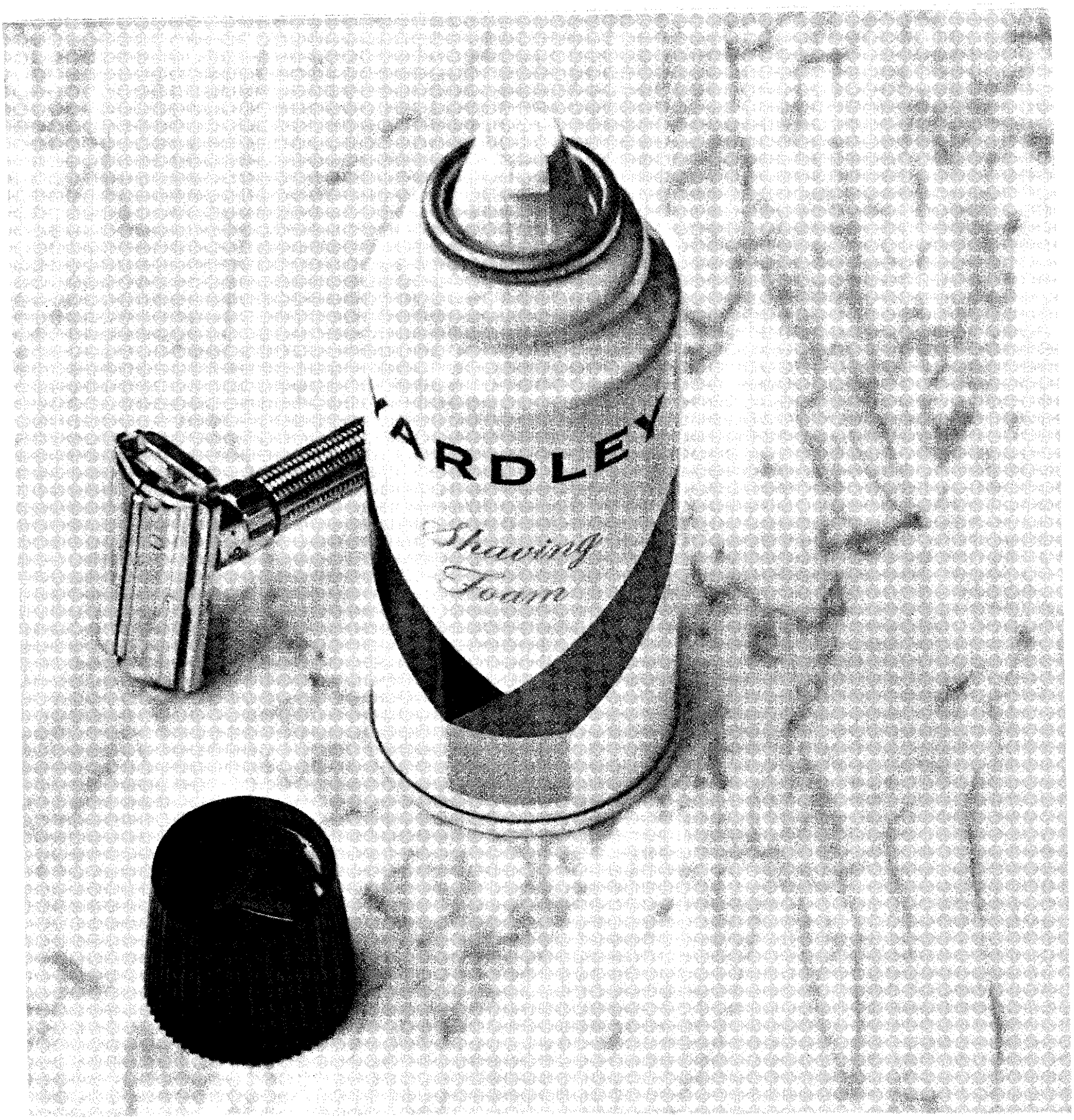
St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The town's loftiest summit conference, for which the small orchestras of Chauncey Gray and Jean Berleaza play the waltzes and gavottes, ends its annual summer run on Saturday, Sept. 1. . . . ¶ On Tuesday, Sept. 4, La Boite resumes the extremely even tenor (violin and piano, that is) of its way in the opulent lower depths of the hotel.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The only murmuring in the rosewood forest known as the Savoy Room comes from the concise and well-informed piano of Ray Hartley, who begins at cocktails and ends at supper, every night but Sunday.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Reunion hall for old friends and young ones, to whom any hour of the night is the top of the evening. The men-at-arms perform as follows: Bob Printz at the piano from five-thirty to eight, Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders thereafter as soloists on the uprights until suppertime, when they converge as hubble-bubble, roil-and-double pianists. Closed Friday through Monday, Aug. 31-Sept. 3. . . . **Drake Room**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A suite of practically ambassadorial rank, in which Cy Walter is giving knowledgeable pianoforte recitations between cocktails and one in the morning. No music Sundays. . . . **In Boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The consumers' research that goes on here is concerned with Italianate cuisine and Italianate opera. From Thursday through Sunday, there's activity by Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio, to which (after ten) there's skirmishing on the dance floor. Every evening, too, Mr. Bruschi is impresario and basso profundo of a toy but eager opera company that believes implicitly in Puccini. Closed Mondays. . . . **Château Henri IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The court architect was Hans Christian Andersen, Norbert Faconi, whose faint violin can win many a fair lady, wanders from table to table in a manner that proves him to be a skillful cruise director. No sound on Sundays. . . . **King Henri IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A house of many mansions, each one depicting a stage of the royal moves toward the Saracen foe. Through it all drift a violinist and a pianist, as bemused as the establishment's decorator. No music Sundays. . . . **El Chico**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango



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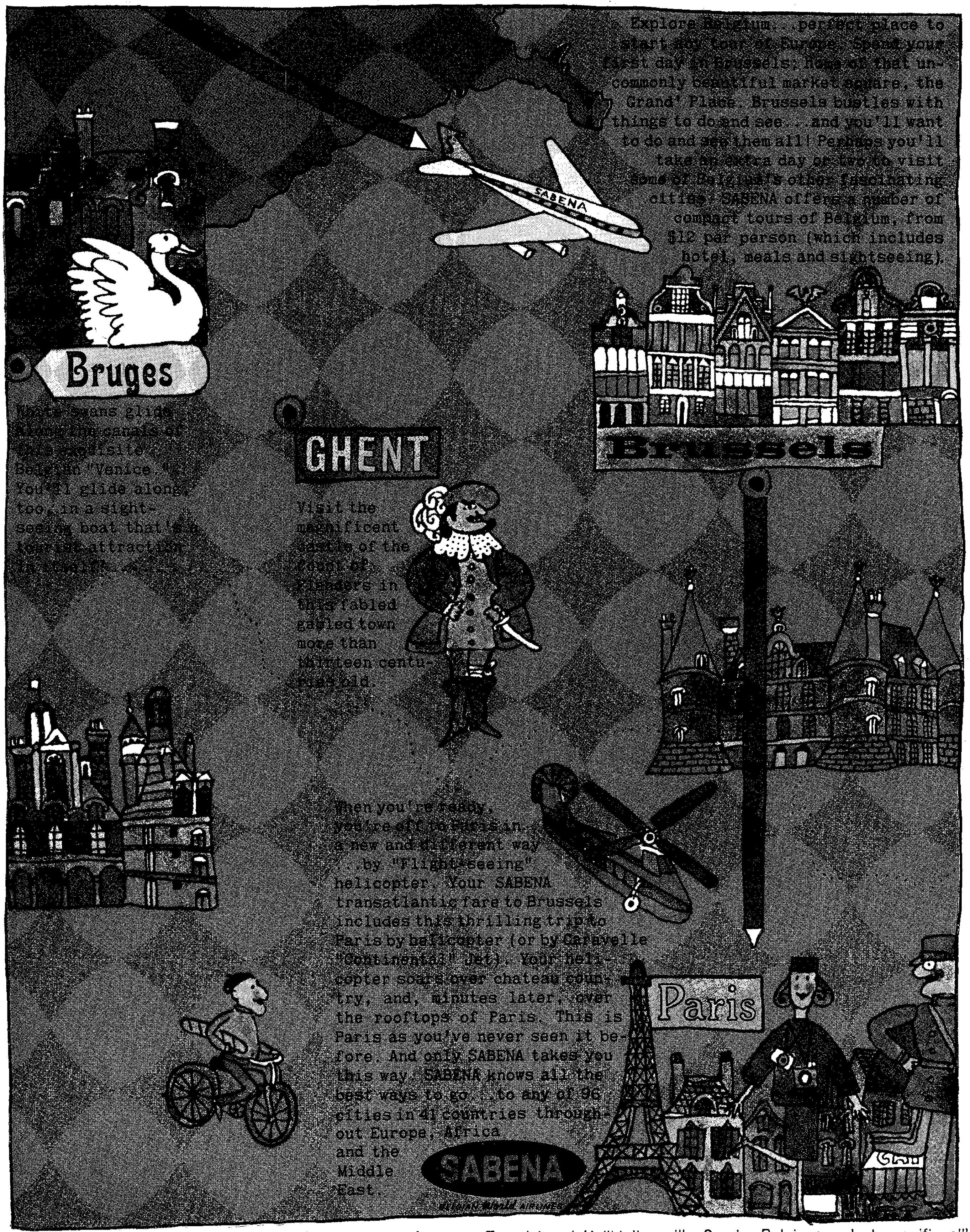

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays and Labor Day. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Home, sweet home for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the population is a round of dulcet strolling minstrels. Closed Sundays and Labor Day. . . . **RITZ BAR**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): A captain's-table sort of operation. Victor del Monte's unobtrusive piano discourses from five until one every evening but Sunday. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): To the manner born, and all that. In the bar next to the restaurant, Jules Kuti communes with his piano from five to eleven. Closed Sundays and Labor Day. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Spain is passion's plaything—or that's what the resident Spanish guitar, piano, voices, and feet keep trying, with considerable success, to tell us. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): In the plaza of this quiet Central American village, a pride of Spaniards presents, a couple of times an evening, a small music festival full of local color and local thunderstorms. In between, a piano rustles in one corner. Dancing on Sundays from two to seven, and every other night from eight o'clock on. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ PICARDIE**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): A midtown tavern, set forth with a certain amount of luxuriousness in an alcove of the Hotel Delmonico. Marty Berns' baby grand gives a good account of itself between six and one every night but Sunday. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Glee is the principal ingredient of Cal Bostic's prescription for voice and piano. He and Andy Hamon, whose songs are mostly plaintive, arrive at ten. Closed Sundays and Labor Day. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A tidy little animal kingdom in which the social lion is dominant. Karl Inwald rambles from point to point on his piano between eight-thirty and maybe two. Closed Sundays and Labor Day. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The bonny, bonny banks of the Danube, along which a Mitteleuropa music festival, ranging from voice to zimbalon, runs almost riot. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Rome, sweet Rome, becomes its bustling night-time self again on Wednesday, Sept. 5. Once more, the night watch will be made up of patrolling violinists and accordionists. . . . **LA CHANSONETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): On Wednesday, Sept. 5, Rita Dimitri returns from the tent musicals to reopen her minute town house and grill. She sings once in a while, in the most offhand way, and violin and piano can often be discerned in the gloaming.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The Garden of Eden, and not an apple or a serpent within miles. There are millions of supple young ladies, some of whom—the glorious Wallendas—fly through the air with the greatest of ease. There are mere mortals, too, such as the Kuban Cossack Dancers, a bunch of tripled-jointed fleetwings. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

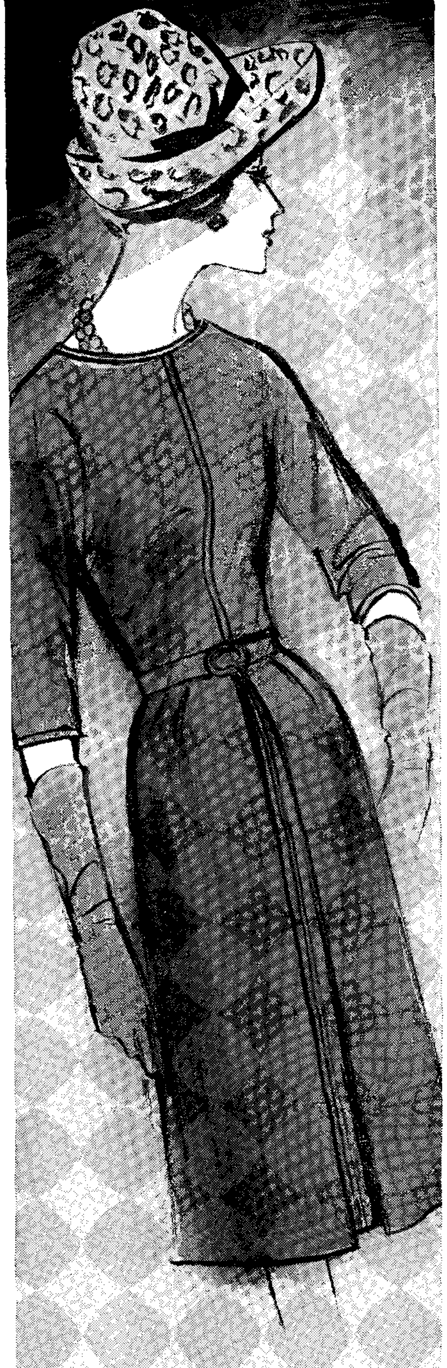
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Reopens Tuesday, Sept. 4, as a soapbox for Phyllis Diller, a wrathful girl whose conversation is one pained expression after another. The supporting cast amounts to the Folksters, a new set of songbirds, and Vaughan Meader, a new humorist. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The current revue has a split personality, making several good points and missing others. Cy Young, who heads the cast, does well by the several funny ideas that come his way. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): A new shivaree, flamenco in thought, endeavor, and personnel, is putting its several best feet and voices forward in the rear room. Pupi Campo's band gets every ounce of energy out of the customers whenever it's their turn for rebuttal. . . . ¶ In the neighborly alcove off the bar, beginning around ten, the guitar of Pedro Cortes and the flamenco songs of José Moreno carry you back instantly to old Madrid. The tea dancing on Sunday afternoons is by fury possessed.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Tony Parenti's quintet, which has Sammy Price on piano, is recalling a happy, if noisy, yesteryear. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Miles Davis, whose horn is full of eloquent silences, leads (now and then) an excellent exemplar (five hands in all) of the new music; Blossom Dearie sings those lost-in-the-clouds songs of hers while conducting a good little trio. Afternoon sessions are held every Sunday from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland, who belongs to the Old Guard of the Progressive Party, is inside the circular bar with her fun-loving trio (Dave Bailey and Ben Tucker are her linebackers). Howard Reynolds does the proper sort of intermission piano. No action Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Woody Herman's effort to bring the good old days alive subsides on Thursday, Aug. 30. Next evening Gene Krupa's battle-scarred drums (plus his band) and Dick Ruedebusch's six-man salute to Dixie arrive. Sundays, visiting bands have the use of what's left of the place. . . . ¶ Saturdays, the Twist burns unchecked in the second-floor attic. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Phil Woods, Gene Quill, and three fellow-thinkers are having their say about latter-day music. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Dizzy Gillespie comes to the end of his tether, which is certainly an ample one, on Wednesday, Sept. 5. His jolly band and Olatunji's group of restless natives (African) depart the same night. Next evening, Dinah Washington, that majestic singer, and crew take over. Mondays, when the regulars are sent to the showers, are guest nights. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Pronunciamentos on modern music come from such well-informed sources as the quartet of Thelonious Monk (who, having mastered the piano, is now studying to be a character, and right on stage, too) as well as the quintet of Eric Dolphy (who is still concentrating on being just a musician). Friday through Sunday, Aug. 31-Sept. 2, Max Roach's foursome will be added, and on Thursday, Sept. 6, there'll be a wholesale replacement—the firebird voice of Miriam Makeba, the folk songs of Inman and Ira, and the bang-bang African music of Olatunji's group. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The trio of Ahmad Jamal, a famous confectionery chef, disappears on Saturday, Sept. 1, and will be replaced on Monday, Sept. 3, by Harold Quinn's trio, which is the pride of Long Island. Visiting bands do one-night stands every Sunday. . . . **KENNY'S STEAK PUB**, 565 Lexington Ave., at 50th St. (EL 5-0666): Anyone who believes that Herman Chittison is a myth should search the bar, where—surrounded by ten thousand carriage lamps—the old maestro is seated (between eight and the early morning) at a very small piano, dealing out music in his light but firm Spencerian hand. No sound on Sundays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Irrational, incoherent, and also irresistible cacophony pours from the facile throats of Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan; utter despair pours from the deep-blue chest tones of Joe Williams; much ado (quite possibly about very little) pours from the bumpy band of Art Blakey. All but Mr. Williams will cool out on Saturday, Sept. 1. Next evening, he'll be joined by Herbie Mann's Caribbean fife-and-drum corps and the trio of Oscar Peterson, whose piano often runs very fast to stay in one place. No activity on Labor Day. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM**, 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): Wilbur de Paris, whose traditional airs kept Jimmy Ryan's going until it literally came tumbling down around his ears, has



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

migrated south, along with Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, Doc Cheatham, et al, and they'll reopen for business on Friday, Sept. 7. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Wild Bill Davison, the old Cannonball Express, has resumed his project of blowing lower Seventh Avenue to smithereens. He commands a squadron in which Vic Dickenson, Buster Bailey, Dick Wellstood, and Cliff Leeman have been enlisted. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 3-9533): As good a place to take espresso breaks as *you'll find. Two handfuls of dizzy* fingers operated by Juan Serrano animate a made-in-Spain guitar; Leon Bibb's fulminating but graceful voice takes its pick of American folk music. Both troubadours are absent on Tuesdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Labor Day.)

MARC CHAGALL—A hundred etchings for La Fontaine's "Fables," hand-colored by the artist; through Friday, Sept. 7. (Hacker, 54 W. 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **A.C.A.,** 63 E. 57th St.: A summer show of paintings by the gallery group, including Anton Refregier, Moses Soyer, and William Gropper; through Friday, Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.) . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.: The figure is the theme of an exhibit of prints, and three of the twenty-five artists represented in it are Rico Lebrun, Chaim Gross, and Raphael Soyer; through Sept. 22. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by, among others, William Kienbusch, John Koch, and Leonard DeLonga; through Sept. 21.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57th St.: An exhibition of portraits (Jefferson by Rembrandt Peale, John James Audubon by John Syme, and so on) and other paintings and sculptures having to do with American history; through Sept. 14. (Closed Friday, Aug. 31.) . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by John von Wicht, Patrick Heron, and Carel Visser, to mention a few; through Sept. 14. . . . **WORLD HOUSE,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: A mixed-mediums show, comprising pieces by Saul Baizerman, Jean Dubuffet, Edvard Munch, and others; through Sept. 29.

MEXICAN ART—An exhibit called "The Bold Tradition," made up of paintings and prints (by Rufino Tamayo, Diego Rivera, Miguel Covarrubias, and others), plus a group of sculptures, mainly pre-Columbian; through Friday, Aug. 31. (IBM Gallery, 16 E. 57th St.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from 2 until dark, starting Friday, Aug. 31, and continuing through Sunday, Sept. 23.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The ninth annual loan exhibition of paintings from private New York collections, consisting chiefly of French Impressionist and Post-Impressionist pictures, by, for instance, Degas, Monet, and Renoir. It is supplemented by a group of French sculptures, by Rodin, Maillol, and others, lent by Mrs. Stephen C. Clark. Through Labor Day. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A Picasso survey, spanning six decades, in honor of his eightieth birthday. Included are paintings, sculptures, collages, drawings, prints, and illustrated books from the Museum's collection, together with a dozen canvases promised as future gifts. Through Sept. 23. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Hogarth's Views of London," a display of nearly sixty prints (mostly engravings), the earliest one dated 1721, by William Hogarth; through Jan. 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A summer selection of paintings from the Museum's permanent collection, offering, in chronological order, oils by Seurat, Rousseau, Chagall, Feininger, Sam Francis, and so on; through Sept. 30. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays and Labor Day, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A work apiece in various mediums by forty artists under forty, three of whom are Marcia Marcus, Robert Rauschenberg, and Richard Stankiewicz; through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ Twentieth-century sculptures, oils, water colors, and drawings from the Museum's permanent collection, with items by, among others, Charles Burchfield, Lyonel Feininger, and David Smith; through Sept. 14. (Daily, except Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

NAUMBURG SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Werner Torkanowsky conducting, with McHenry Boatwright, bass-baritone. (Central Park Mall. Monday, Sept. 3, at 8:30.)

JAZZ CONCERTS—Final concerts of the season—Thursday, Aug. 30: Gerry Mulligan's quartet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 6: Max Roach's quartet, with Abbey Lincoln. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Evenings at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN—Final concerts of the season—Saturday, Sept. 1: Cannonball Adderley's quintet, with Nancy Wilson. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 2: The Modern Jazz Quartet. (Lenox, Mass. Evenings at 8:30.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN—The Berkshire Quartet in an All-Beethoven program. The final concert of the season. (Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, Sept. 2, at 4.)

SILVERMINE GUILD CHAMBER-MUSIC CONCERTS—The Silvermine String Quartet, with Alan Shulman, cello, in the final concert of the season. (New Canaan, Conn. Sunday, Sept. 9, at 8.)

SOUTHERN VERMONT ART CENTER—The Svetlova Ballet Company, in the final programs of the season. (Manchester, Vt. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 1-2, both at 8:30.)

NOTE—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival's season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will close with a program by Sally Wilson and Ali Pourfarrokh, the Jacob's Pillow Dancers, and La Meri and Alonzo Rivera. (Lee, Mass. Thursday, Aug. 30, at 3:30; Friday, Aug. 31, at 8:40; and Saturday, Sept. 1, at 3:30 and 8:40.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Kansas City, Friday, Aug. 31, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 1-2, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Los Angeles, Monday, Sept. 3, at 1:30 (doubleheader), and Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 4-5, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, Sept. 7, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 8, at 2.

HORSE SHOWS—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday through Monday, Sept. 1-3.) . . . ¶ North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 6-9.)

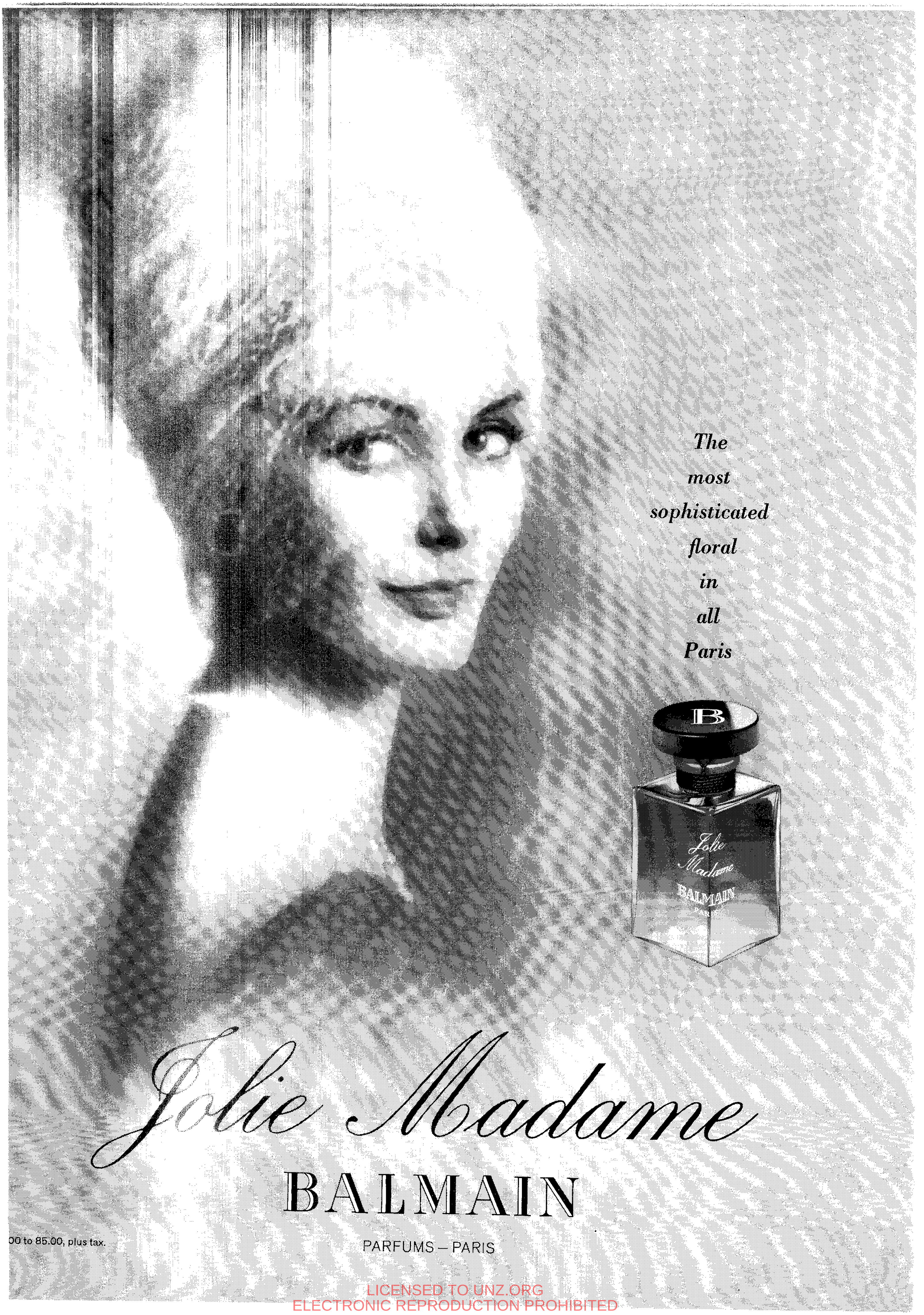
HUNT RACING—Foxcatcher Hunt Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 8.)

POLO—At **MEADOW BROOK CLUB,** Jericho: Sundays at 4.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 29. The Jerome Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 1; the Aqueduct, Monday, Sept. 3; and the Matron, Saturday, Sept. 8. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Oct. 2. The World's Playground, Saturday, Sept. 8. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Thompson Raceway, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, Sept. 2, at 2, and Monday, Sept. 3, at noon.

TENNIS—National Singles Championships. (West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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Through Sunday, Sept. 9. Tickets may be obtained at the U.S.L.T.A., 120 Broadway, at Cedar St., and the West Side Tennis Club.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 13.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Labor Day. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Sept. 9, Sept. 25-26, and Sept. 28-30. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Sept. 10, Sept. 14-16, and Sept. 18-23. . . . WORLD SERIES: Starts Oct. 3, if there are no tie play-offs, in the home park of the National League champion.

Boxing—Floyd Patterson vs. Sonny Liston, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Comiskey Park, Chicago. Sept. 25.)

College Football—Some early games of the season—SATURDAY, SEPT. 22: Army vs. Wake Forest, at West Point; Colgate vs. Brown, at Hamilton; and Penn State vs. Navy, at University Park. . . . SATURDAY, SEPT. 29: Army vs. Syracuse, at the Polo Grounds; Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field; Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca; Harvard vs. Lehigh, at Cambridge; Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis; Pennsylvania vs. Lafayette, at Philadelphia; Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton; Trinity vs. Williams, at Hartford; and Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 6: Brown vs. Yale, at Providence; Colgate vs. Holy Cross, at Hamilton; Cornell vs. Harvard, at Ithaca; Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover; and Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 13: Army vs. Penn State, at West Point; Brown vs. Dartmouth, at Providence; Columbia vs. Yale, at Baker Field; Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge; Navy vs. Cornell, at Annapolis; Pennsylvania vs. Princeton, at Philadelphia; and Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick.

Professional Football—At the POLO GROUNDS: Titans vs. Denver Broncos, Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Titans vs. Boston Patriots, Oct. 5. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Oct. 14.

Dog Shows—Westchester Kennel Club. (Purchase. Sept. 9.) . . . ¶ Westbury Kennel Association. (Old Westbury. Sept. 30.) . . . ¶ Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Oct. 6.)

Golf—U.S.G.A. Amateur Championship. (Pinehurst Country Club, Pinehurst, N.C. Sept. 17-22.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Nassau Country Club, Glen Cove. Sept. 19-21.) . . . ¶ U.S.G.A. Senior Championship. (Evanston Golf Club, Skokie, Ill. Oct. 1-6.)

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden starting Oct. 11.

Horse Shows—Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley, Sept. 13-16.) . . . ¶ Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Oct. 13 and Oct. 15-20.)

Hunt Racing—Foxcatcher Hunt Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Sept. 15.) . . . ¶ Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Oct. 3

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and 6.)...¶ Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Oct. 13.)

MOTORBOAT RACING—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Sept. 16.)

RACING—At **BELMONT:** Oct. 1-27.... **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Oct. 3-Dec. 5.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At **WATKINS GLEN,** N.Y.: Sept. 21-22 and Oct. 7.... **THOMPSON RACEWAY,** Thompson, Conn.: Oct. 13-14.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Oct. 1-Nov. 30.

YACHTING—America's Cup races. (Newport, R.I. Starting Sept. 15.)

MUSIC—**NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY,** City Center (CI 6-8989): The season will open on Oct. 4, with Charpentier's "Louise," and will run through Nov. 11.... **METROPOLITAN OPERA** (PE 6-1210): The season will open on Oct. 15, with Giordano's "Andrea Chénier," and will run through April 13.... **PHILHARMONIC HALL** (TR 4-2424), in the new Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, will open with a week of special concerts; seven of them, in the evening, will be for the benefit of the Center. New York Philharmonic, Sunday evening, Sept. 23; Boston Symphony, Monday evening, Sept. 24; Philadelphia Orchestra, Tuesday evening, Sept. 25; New York Pro Musica, Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 26; New York Philharmonic, Wednesday evening, Sept. 26; Cleveland Orchestra, Thursday evening, Sept. 27; Juilliard String Quartet, Friday afternoon, Sept. 28; Gold and Fizdale, pianos, Saturday afternoon, Sept. 29; and Metropolitan Opera, Saturday and Sunday evenings, Sept. 29-30....¶ Orchestre National Français, Oct. 1....¶ José Iturbi, piano, Oct. 2 and 5....¶ Benny Goodman, clarinet, Oct. 3....¶ Opening performance of the New York Philharmonic's regular season, Oct. 4....¶ Ray Dudley, piano, Oct. 9....¶ Virgil Fox, organ, Oct. 10....¶ Philippa Schuyler, piano, Oct. 12. ...¶ Mahalia Jackson, gospel singer, Oct. 12....¶ Festival Orchestra, Oct. 14.... ¶ Opening performance of the Philadelphia Orchestra's regular series here, Oct. 16.... **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7460): American Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 15.... **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Ars Nova Orchestra, Sept. 21.... ¶ Tito Schipa, tenor, Oct. 3....¶ I Solisti di Zagreb, Oct. 8....¶ Rosalind Tureck, piano, Oct. 10.... **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (CO 5-6811): The massed bands, pipes, drums, and dancers of the Royal Scots Greys and the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, Sept. 22-23.

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS—At the City Center—Ballet Folklorico of Mexico, Sept. 11-23....¶ The Uday Shankar Hindu Dancers and Musicians, Sept. 25-30.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Cut Loose!," a revue with Pete Seeger and Nipsy Russell. The music and lyrics are by Cy Oliver, Jay Brower, and Tommy Goodman....¶ A London import. Ronald Millar's dramatization of the C. P. Snow novel "The Affair," in which Brewster Mason, Keith Baxter, and Brenda Vaccaro will appear....¶ A musical imported from London, "Stop the World—I Want to Get Off," starring Anthony Newley, who, with Leslie Bricusse, wrote it....¶ Carroll Baker and Van Johnson in a comedy, "Come on Strong," by Garson Kanin....¶ A play by Dore Schary called "Banderol," with a cast including Ed Begley, Betty Field, Ann Harding, and George Voskovec....¶ Edward Albee's play "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" Uta Hagen and George Grizzard head the cast....¶ "Seidman and Son," a comedy by Elick Moll, based on his novel of the same name, with Sam Levene and Nancy Wickwire in the leading roles.

OTHER DATES—Third-quarter Federal income-tax payments are due Saturday, Sept. 15. New York State, being more civilized, requires its tribute on Monday, Sept. 17....¶ The seventeenth session of the United Nations General Assembly will convene here on Sept. 18. ...¶ The first day of fall is Sunday, Sept. 23....¶ Registration days for the Nov 6 elections, Oct. 11-13....¶ Columbus Day is Friday, Oct. 12.

Q What Is the Difference Between an Investor and a Speculator?

A The basic differences between an investor and a speculator are in time, temperament, and expectations. The investor generally takes the long view and tends to be conservative in both his temperament and his expectations. The speculator buys and sells more quickly, taking greater risks in the hope of greater rewards.

The investor usually buys stock for three reasons, singly or in combination: dividend income, reasonable protection of his capital, or long-term growth prospects. The speculator, on the other hand, buys and sells in the hope of realizing substantial profits, usually in a short period of time. The speculator's chief concern is to increase his capital rather than his dividend income.

Most people are investors because they can't afford to take substantial risks or because they lack the temperament and ability to do so. Therefore, they seek to lower their risks—and their expectations. They buy stocks of well-established companies, putting their money to work where it is likely to give them a reasonable but not a spectacular return. The speculator needs money, knowledge, and nerve in abundance. He needs money—lots of it—so that a loss will not leave him without resources. He needs knowledge in order to choose stocks that are likely to move quickly and companies that are likely to grow rapidly. And he needs nerve in order to be able to back his beliefs with cash—and accept his losses with equanimity.

The speculator does not gamble; he does not rely solely on hope and chance. Rather, the professional speculator acts in accordance with his knowledge of the laws of economics, the behavior of the market, and the facts about any company whose stock he buys and sells.

Although the speculator is much maligned, he plays a useful and valuable role in the market. When a company suffers some untoward reverse, the price of its stock might drop drastically if it were not for the willingness of the speculator to assume the risk that the more conservative investor may understandably want to avoid. The activity of speculators can help to iron out sharp fluctuations in stock prices and to keep the buying and selling of securities in balance. In short, the liquidity of the market—its ability to absorb a reasonable amount of buying or selling at varying prices—depends in part on the activities of speculators.

The stock market offers many attractive speculative opportunities, but no one should attempt to capitalize on them unless he is equipped by temperament, knowledge, and financial resources to do so and unless he can afford to lose whatever he puts at stake, for the risks are great. Most people lack the personal and financial resources to accept those risks and should stick to investing with surplus funds (after providing for living expenses, insurance, and some cash for emergencies) to achieve a clearly defined long-range investment objective.

NEXT WEEK: *What Are Dividends and What Does Ex Dividend Mean?*

MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH INC

MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Advise and Consent—A not very powerful melodrama of intrigue in the United States Senate, distinguished by the superb acting of a very large cast, including Walter Pidgeon, Charles Laughton, Henry Fonda, Burgess Meredith, and Gene Tierney. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Sept. 4.)

The Girl with the Golden Eyes—An exquisite and often quite mad French stylistic exercise that is largely the work of Quinto Albicocco, who did the stunning photography, and his son Jean-Gabriel, who, though just twenty-four, directed it. The story, from Balzac, is practically incidental, and so is the handsome cast, which includes Paul Guers and Marie Laforêt. The setting is Paris. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Judgment at Nuremberg—A vivid debate on the unmentioned topic "Resolved, that I am my brother's keeper." Four Nazi judges are made to face their infamy and a punishment that will not last in a series of wounding confrontations that features, among others, Spencer Tracy, Burt Lancaster, Richard Widmark, Maximilian Schell, Judy Garland, Montgomery Clift, and Marlene Dietrich. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

Jules and Jim—In France, just before and after the First World War, a captivating woman takes more lovers than she should, with consequences that are sometimes hilarious and sometimes not. An odd, novel comedy, directed by François Truffaut and starring Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Sept. 5, tentative.)

Last Year at Marienbad—A lovely dream, full of gorgeously caparisoned men and women moving as if drugged through the baroque corridors and gardens of what may be a hotel, or possibly a lunatic asylum. Directed by Alain Resnais, from a script by Alain Robbe-Grillet. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Lolita—A comedy about a middle-aged professor and a sexy adolescent. Thanks to Stanley Kubrick's direction and the acting of James Mason, Peter Sellers, Shelley Winters, and Sue Lyon, a highly successful rendering of the Nabokov novel. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

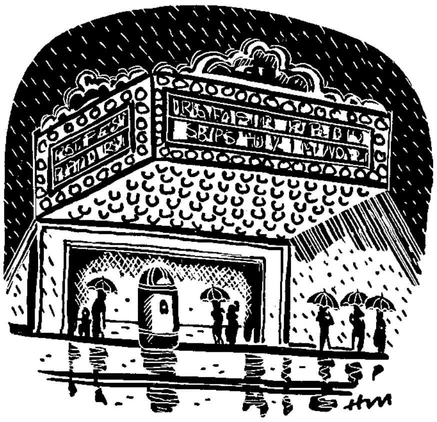
A Matter of WHO—A detective farce, in which the killer is smallpox and the sleuth is the comical Terry-Thomas, cast as an intrepid inspector for the World Health Organization. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Murder She Said—Homicide is practically a parlor game in the Agatha Christie country, where this perfectly splendid comedy is laid. Margaret Rutherford makes an incomparable sleuth, golfer, and housemaid. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Sept. 5.)

The Notorious Landlady—Jack Lemmon and Fred Astaire play a couple of career diplomats—one fresh, the other seasoned—at our London embassy in this amusing thriller about an American woman who might have murdered her husband. Lionel Jeffries, as an unorthodox Scotland Yard man, adds considerably to the merriment, and Kim Novak is the lady under suspicion. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Only Two Can Play—Peter Sellers as an ineptly amorous Lucky Jim in a small town in Wales. Funny dialogue, artfully thrown away. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Sept. 4, tentative.)

Shoot the Piano Player—An anthology of jokes that range in style all the way from slapstick to irony and that somehow combine to tell the life story of a pianist at a bar in Paris. François Truffaut wrote and directed this successful and original French movie. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)



Tomorrow Is My Turn—A French picture about the Second World War, starring Charles Aznavour and Georges Rivière. Remarkable for acting, direction, and photography, and containing, of all things, an urgent plea for international fraternity. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Sept. 5.)

A View from the Bridge—An Italian dockworker in Brooklyn is unwittingly in love with his wife's niece, who is wittingly in love with someone else. Arthur Miller made a strong play of this sorry situation, and the movie is even better, owing to brilliant direction by Sidney Lumet and excellent acting by Raf Vallone, Maureen Stapleton, Raymond Pellegrin, and Carol Lawrence. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 4, tentative. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 2-4, tentative.)

Violin and Roller—This short (fifty-five minutes) and entirely unassuming Russian film deals with the friendship between a small boy who plays the violin and a young man who drives a steam roller. A fine demonstration of how to squeeze taste and quiet beauty from what amounts to a cliché. The director, Alexi Tartovsky, is in his mid-twenties. (Cameo, 8th Ave. at 44th, JU 6-8534.)

War Hunt—An oblique, careful, and wholly original war film that examines the mortal battle between two American privates for the mind and soul of a little Korean boy. One soldier is a kind of fumbling saint, and the other is a born murderer. Robert Redford and John Saxon play these two; the haunting, wasteless screenplay is by Stanford Whitmore; and Denis Sanders directed. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

West Side Story—Bigger but not better than the Broadway original, this gaudy study of J.D.s in torment is marvellously danced and photographed, but for anyone over twenty it is apt to prove more wearying than exciting. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Special performance Labor Day at 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

Anna Karenina (1935)—The Garbo triumph, which Tolstoy had something to do with, and in which the lady is escorted by Basil Rathbone and Fredric March. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; starting Aug. 31.)

L'Avventura (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Sept. 4.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 30.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 31-Sept. 3.)

The Crucible (1958)—Jean-Paul Sartre's version of Arthur Miller's drama about witchcraft and theocratic oppression in the Salem of 1692. With Mylène Demongeot and Simone Signoret. Formerly called "Witches of Salem." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 2.)

La Dolce Vita (1961)—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life. Federico Fellini wrote and directed it and Marcello Mastroianni plays the leading role. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Sept. 5, tentative.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 31-Sept. 3.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—A French film that describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 30. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 1.)

The Living Desert (1953)—Walt Disney's nature film on the flora and fauna of our Western desert. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; starting Sept. 2. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; Sept. 4-5.)

The Mark (1961)—An account of the return to society of a man who has spent three years in prison for committing a crime against a child. Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Sept. 2.)

1984 (1956)—Jan Sterling and Edmond O'Brien in an English adaptation of George Orwell's imaginary dictatorship. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 30.)

Picnic on the Grass (1960)—Jean Renoir wrote, produced, and directed this pagan rite. Paul Meurisse plays a professor of science who forgets science at the sight of a good-looking girl in her skin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 5.)

Rocco and His Brothers (1961)—A portrait of a poor Italian family that comes to Milan to make good. Directed by Luchino Visconti. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Sept. 1, tentative.)

Suspicion (1941)—Francis Iles' "Before the Fact," done, as is proper, by Hitchcock. Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Sept. 4.)

Tiger Bay (1959)—Hayley Mills as a lively small fry who witnesses a murder in Cardiff. An English film. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 2-3.)

Two Women (1961)—An Italian movie about a young widow who flees wartime Rome with her daughter. Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Sept. 2.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Sept. 1, showings at 3 (extra performance Thursday evening at 8): "Rio Bravo" (1959), with John Wayne and Dean Martin, the last program in a series called "The Cinema of Howard Hawks." . . ¶ Sept. 2-5, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Singin' in the Rain" (1952), with Gene Kelly and Debbie Reynolds, the first program in a series called "The Cinema of Gene Kelly." (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.

Cameo, 8th Ave. at 44th. (JU 6-8534)
VIOLIN AND ROLLER (in Russian); and "Morning Star" (in Russian), a ballet film.

Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm," Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Labor Day at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE NOTORIOUS LANDLADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Pigeon That Took Rome," Charlton Heston, Elsa Martinelli.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Sky Above—The Mud Below," a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Music Man," Robert Preston, Shirley Jones.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
'The Phantom of the Opera," Herbert Lom, Heather Sears.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Two Weeks in Another Town," Kirk Douglas, Edward G. Robinson.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
LOLITA.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Sept. 5 (tentative): "Guns of Darkness," David Niven, Leslie Caron.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"The Spiral Road," Rock Hudson, Burl Ives.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 5 (tentative): **JULES AND JIM** (in French).

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Sept. 1: "Five Weeks in a Balloon," Fabian, Red Buttons; and "Swingin' Along," Tommy Noonan, Pete Marshall.
From Sept. 2: **THE LIVING DESERT**, revival; and "Big Red," Walter Pidgeon.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 4: **ADVISE AND CONSENT.**
From Sept. 5: **MURDER SHE SAID**; and "Lonely Are the Brave," Kirk Douglas, Gena Rowlands.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
LOLITA.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Pigeon That Took Rome," Charlton Heston, Elsa Martinelli.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Waltz of the Toreadors," Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Sept. 1: "Five Weeks in a Balloon," Fabian, Red Buttons; and "Swingin' Along," Tommy Noonan, Pete Marshall.
Sept. 2-3: "Boys' Night Out," Kim Novak, James Garner; and "Watch Your Stern," Kenneth Connor, Eric Barker.
Sept. 4-5: **THE LIVING DESERT**, revival; and "Big Red," Walter Pidgeon.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Best of Enemies," David Niven, Michael Wilding.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Aug. 30: "A Coming-Out Party," James Robertson Justice, Leslie Phillips.
From Aug. 31: **ANNA KARENINA**, revival.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider, Anita Ekberg.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Sept. 3: "Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider, Anita Ekberg.
From Sept. 4: "Cleo from 5 to 7" (in French), Corinne Marchand, Antoine Bourseiller.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE NOTORIOUS LANDLADY.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Aug. 30: "Guns of Darkness," David Niven, Leslie Caron.
From Aug. 31: "The Interns," Michael Callan, Cliff Robertson.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 4 (tentative): **A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE**; and "Light in the Piazza," Olivia de Havilland, Rossano Brazzi.
From Sept. 5: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Sept. 1: "Five Weeks in a Balloon," Fabian, Red Buttons; and "Swingin' Along," Tommy Noonan, Pete Marshall.
From Sept. 2: **THE LIVING DESERT**, revival; and "Big Red," Walter Pidgeon.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 4: "Boys' Night Out," Kim Novak, James Garner; and "Watch Your Stern," Kenneth Connor, Eric Barker.
From Sept. 5: "Damon and Pythias," Guy Williams, Don Burnett; and "Tarzan Goes to India," Jock Mahoney, Mark Dana.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Aug. 30: **BREATHLESS** and **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (both in French and both revivals).
Aug. 31-Sept. 3: **CITIZEN KANE**, revival; and **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French), revival.
From Sept. 4: **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival; and **SUSPICION**, revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 2: **TWO WOMEN** (in Italian), revival; and **THE MARK**, revival.
Sept. 3-4: "The Vikings," revival, Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis; and "Trapeze," revival, Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis.
From Sept. 5: **MURDER SHE SAID**; and **TOMORROW IS MY TURN** (in French).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 5 (tentative): **LA DOLCE VITA** (in Italian), revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER (in French).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 4: "Boys' Night Out," Kim Novak, James Garner; and "Watch Your Stern," Kenneth Connor, Eric Barker.
From Sept. 5: "Damon and Pythias," Guy Williams, Don Burnett; and "Tarzan Goes to India," Jock Mahoney, Mark Dana.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 1 (tentative): **ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS** (in Italian), revival; and "Whistle Down the Wind," Hayley Mills, Alan Bates.
Sept. 2-4 (tentative): **A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE**; and "Black Tights," a dance film, with Cyd Charisse, Moira Shearer, Zizi Jeanmaire, and Roland Petit.
From Sept. 5: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
A MATTER OF WHO.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Sept. 2: **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French), revival; and "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
From Sept. 3 (tentative): "El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
WAR HUNT.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Tales of Paris" (in French), Dany Robin, Françoise Arnoul.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD (in French).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE GIRL WITH THE GOLDEN EYES (in French).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
"Boys' Night Out," Kim Novak, James Garner; and "Watch Your Stern," Kenneth Connor, Eric Barker.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Aug. 30: **1984**, revival; and "Odds Against Tomorrow," revival, Harry Belafonte, Ed Begley.
Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "Love and the Frenchwoman" (in French), revival, Martine Carol, Dany Robin; and "The Innocents," revival, Deborah Kerr, Michael Redgrave.
Sept. 2-3: **TIGER BAY**, revival; and "My Uncle," (in French), revival, Jacques Tati.
From Sept. 4: "Mata Hari," revival, Greta Garbo, Ramon Novarro; and "Red Dust," revival, Clark Gable, Jean Harlow.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 4: "Kiss Them for Me," revival, Cary Grant, Jayne Mansfield; and "Seawife," revival, Joan Collins, Richard Burton.
From Sept. 5: "The Interns," Michael Callan, Cliff Robertson; and "Loss of Innocence," revival, Kenneth More, Danielle Darrieux.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 30: "Topaze," revival, John Barrymore, Myrna Loy; and "Fric-Frac" (in French), revival, Fernandel.
Aug. 31: "Man in a Cocked Hat," revival, Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas; and "The Spice of Life" (in French), revival, Noël-Noël.
Sept. 1: **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French), revival; and "Time in the Sun," revival, a documentary on Mexico.
Sept. 2: **THE CRUCIBLE** (in French; formerly called "Witches of Salem"), revival; and "The Last Bridge," revival, an Austro-Yugoslav picture, with Maria Schell.
Sept. 3: "St. Matthew Passion," revival, Bach's work, played by the Vienna Philharmonic, sung by the Vienna Choir Boys, and illustrated with paintings by Old Masters; and "Eroica: The Beethoven Story" (in German), revival.
Sept. 4: 'The Naked Night" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson; and "Illicit Interlude" (in Swedish), revival, May Britt.
Sept. 5: **PICNIC ON THE GRASS** (in French), revival; and "Le Plaisir" (in French; also known as "House of Pleasure"), revival, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon.

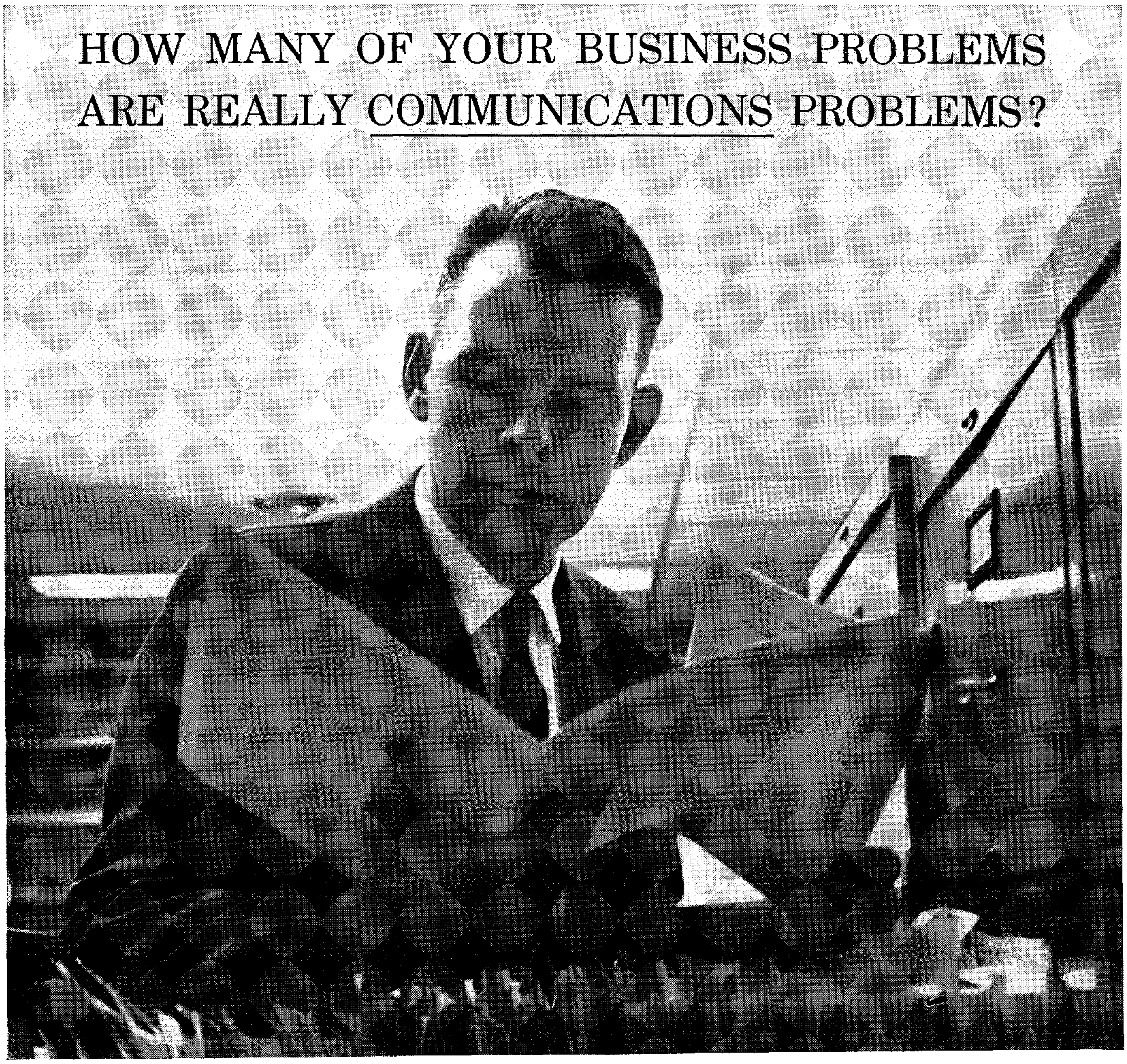
Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Sept. 1: "El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren.
From Sept. 2: **THE LIVING DESERT**, revival; and "Big Red," Walter Pidgeon.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Sept. 4 (tentative): **ONLY TWO CAN PLAY.**
From Sept. 5: To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
"Boys' Night Out," Kim Novak, James Garner; and "Watch Your Stern," Kenneth Connor, Eric Barker.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Sept. 1: "Five Weeks in a Balloon," Fabian, Red Buttons; and "Swingin' Along," Tommy Noonan, Pete Marshall.
From Sept. 2: **THE LIVING DESERT**, revival; and "Big Red," Walter Pidgeon.

HOW MANY OF YOUR BUSINESS PROBLEMS ARE REALLY COMMUNICATIONS PROBLEMS?



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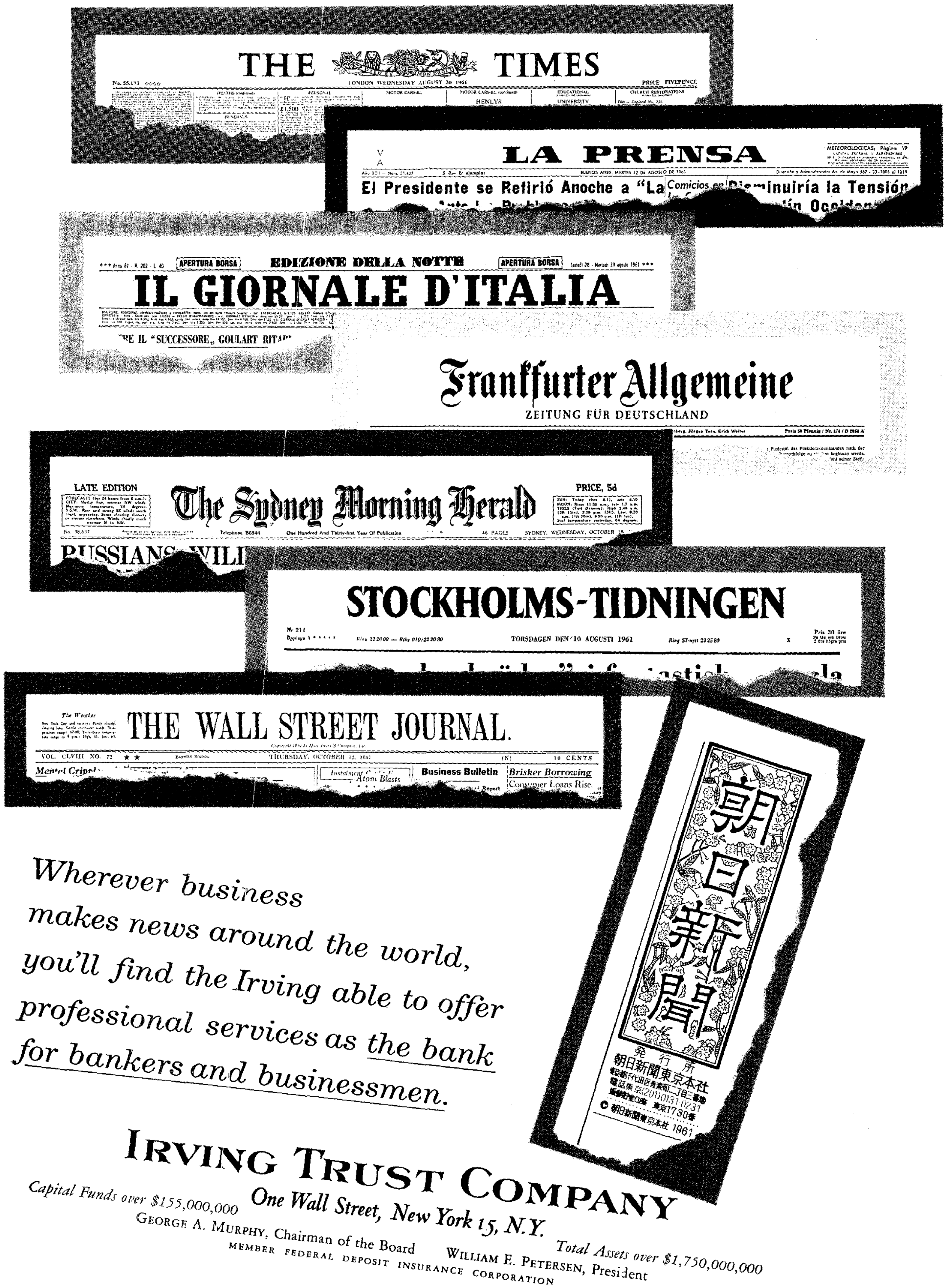
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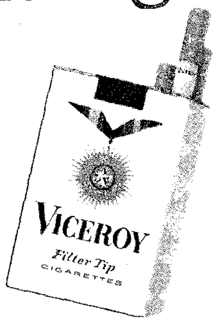
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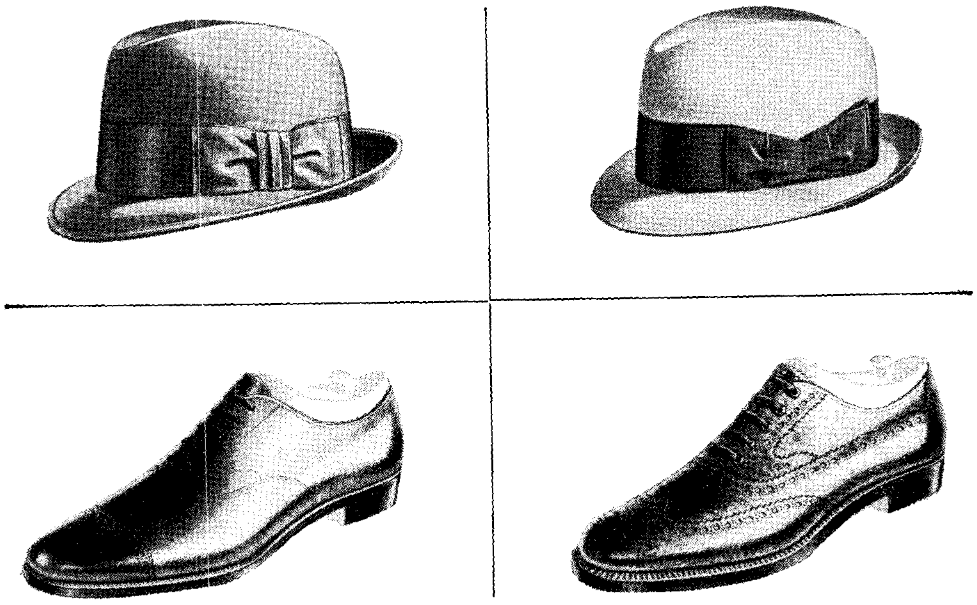

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have heard from the long-winded lady once more, and this is what she writes: "Today is Sunday, and an hour ago, in the hot August sun, I was standing by the fountain across from the Plaza Hotel feeding an expensive Plaza Hotel brioche to some pigeons, who were lethargic but were determined to have their rights, and to two thin sparrows, who knew they had no rights but were determined to get something to eat. I was on the side of the sparrows, but I did not want to antagonize the pigeons. I like pigeons. I cannot imagine where they get their pampered air, but they have it and I like them for having it. I stood there placating the pigeons and favoring the sparrows. I was throwing the crumbs cleverly and with real strategy when I heard a girl say, 'I can see that New York might be a nice place to visit, and I suppose if you live here it's different.' I listened, but she said no more. Her voice was cheerful and definite. I turned to look at her, and found that she was walking away toward the Park, but I could see that she was the same red-haired girl I had been watching earlier from the Edwardian Room of the Plaza Hotel while I was having breakfast. The table I had been given was placed so that, although I was not sitting by a window, I had a view out through a window on the Fifth Avenue side and through two windows on the Fifty-ninth Street side. Through the first window I saw the fountain and, beyond the fountain, the big buildings of Fifth Avenue, and through the other windows I saw Fifty-ninth Street, with the green Park beyond. People appeared in one window and reappeared in another, moving slowly through the heat. It was all burning-dry summer, except for the shine of water from the fountain. When I first saw the red-haired girl, she was standing just where I later stood while I fed the birds, and she was taking a photograph of three men, who were lined up in front of her with their arms hanging at their sides, looking rather foolish and very obedient. I noticed her first when a sudden breeze lifted her hair, so that for a second or two it flared straight up in the air, showing its color, which was brilliant. Now I stood looking after her. I was fumbling with what she had said. There was only one man with her, and I wondered what had happened to the two others. Her remark, in all its vacancy, had begun to mope around in my mind, and it said nothing, and the more I looked at it the more it said nothing, and it wouldn't go away. It was a suffocating remark—the kind that makes you want to cry. One time, I knew somebody who always greeted me by saying, 'Well, there you are! You know, I've been worried about you.' I did not know that person very long. The red-haired girl crossed Fifty-ninth Street and went into the Park, and I saw her no more.

"That is a handsome and spacious intersection, where Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street and the Plaza Hotel meet, but on ordinary days it is busy and noisy and full of strain. This morning, in the empty summertime, the streets and the Park and the substantial Fifth Avenue buildings all stretched themselves out to their full length and full height and full bulk, and the Plaza sat there looking rich, and the whole scene was free and amiable and impromptu. The few people who were about wore light-colored summer clothes, and they sauntered and strolled and paused to look around like the extras in an operetta just before the principals walk on and take the center of the stage. At that moment, from where I stood feeding the birds, the center of the stage was taken by the line of patient horses, one of them a lovely piebald, who stood harnessed to their canopied carriages, waiting with their masters for the customers. It was a nice Sunday morning in New York. That red-haired girl had a carefree walk. If she was miserable, why did she not droop and go somewhere else and shut up?

"Beyond the horses, over there where the girl and her companion had disappeared, I had seen four women in loose flowered dresses pass by earlier, as I sat in the restaurant. They walked steadily along, and they seemed eager to get where they were going, and oblivious of the street and the Park and of everything except whatever occasion was ahead of them, but they were not hurrying. They had allowed plenty of time. They appeared in one window, walking along by the low Park wall, and then they disappeared and appeared again in the next window, still making good time. The windows in that restaurant are immense, and impressively overdressed in miles and miles of heavy tasselled hangings and in pounds of shirred beige blinds. It is a good, big, solidly theatrical room, and this morning it was about half full of strangers having a late, leisurely Sunday-morning breakfast. The atmosphere was very sedate. Nobody waved at anybody across the room. None of the people coming in stopped at a table to say hello. There were no nods or smiles of recognition. The room was all transients, who were there for breakfast, and that was that. The Sunday

Times was divided up at every table where two or more people sat together, and where one person sat alone the *Times* was piled neatly on a chair while the chosen section was being read. The woman at the table next to me was devoting herself seriously to the Review of the Week section. My view of Fifty-ninth Street was crosswise, over her shoulder. She was wearing a tailored black silk suit. Her hair was drawn back in a small bun, and in the bun she had anchored a number of silver pins, and from every pin a heavily chased silver bead hung free and wobbled. A silver fish, three inches long, dangled from each of her ears. I looked past her at the four walking women outside. Three of them were quite tall and upright, but the fourth, who walked on the edge of the sidewalk, along by the curb, was very small and bent, and she did not walk, she toddled. The three others were bareheaded, but she had a cotton scarf tied over her hair and under her chin, and she held on to the arm of the woman next to her and followed trustfully along, with her head down, keeping all her attention to herself, as though she were concentrating on the labor of walking and of listening to what the younger women were saying. The younger women might have been grandmothers, and she was old enough to be a great-great-grandmother. Her dress covered her ankles. They all looked happy, and the very old woman looked as though she knew she was in good hands. She looked content. She was going somewhere. She was having an outing. Not one of them even bothered to turn her head as they passed by the Park and the Park entrance. They only looked up and down Fifth Avenue, because of the traffic there, and when they reached the sidewalk that started them toward the east side of the city they all marched forward along Fifty-ninth as though they would be willing to walk as far as the river if what they wanted was to be found there.

"The silver fish in my neighbor's ears were no longer idle. They were dancing around, up and down, swinging here and there. There was a reason for their activity. Their owner was eating her breakfast melon. She was taking enormous spoonfuls out of the melon, a big, wide wedge of honeydew, and she was still reading hard. She had folded the paper in a businesslike way, so that only the columns that concerned her showed, and she held it upright in her strong left hand. Suddenly she put her spoon down and looked intently at the melon, and then she put the *Times* down and began to search with her head for a waiter. She turned so that I saw her face. She looked wild-eyed but in desperate control, as though the train were about to leave and the porter had not yet arrived with her luggage. The room was full of waiters, and one came immediately. He listened to what she had to say, and while he was listening the headwaiter came and listened, too. The waiter looked worried, but the headwaiter only smiled understandingly. Apparently the melon she had been given was very poor. She must have been too interested in her reading to notice how awful it was, because she had eaten a great deal of it. She said many things, and when she stopped talking the waiter took the melon away and brought another big wedge and placed it before her. This time the headwaiter stood by and watched attentively while she took the first spoonful, and while she was tasting it, before she had swallowed it, she looked at him, smiling and nodding, and then she raised her right hand high in the air and made a circle with her thumb and forefinger, saluting the melon and the headwaiter and, I suppose, herself and the Plaza Hotel. Was she splendidly unself-conscious, or was she ridiculous? I didn't know. I was tired of her.

"My waiter brought my change, and I took the leftover brioche and got up and left and went to stand beside the fountain to feed the pigeons and, as it turned out, two sparrows, and, as it turned out, to hear that red-haired girl drop her empty remark. That was about an hour ago. She is probably still strolling around Central Park, carrying her camera and saying things. I wonder who is listening to her now. I am glad I am not."

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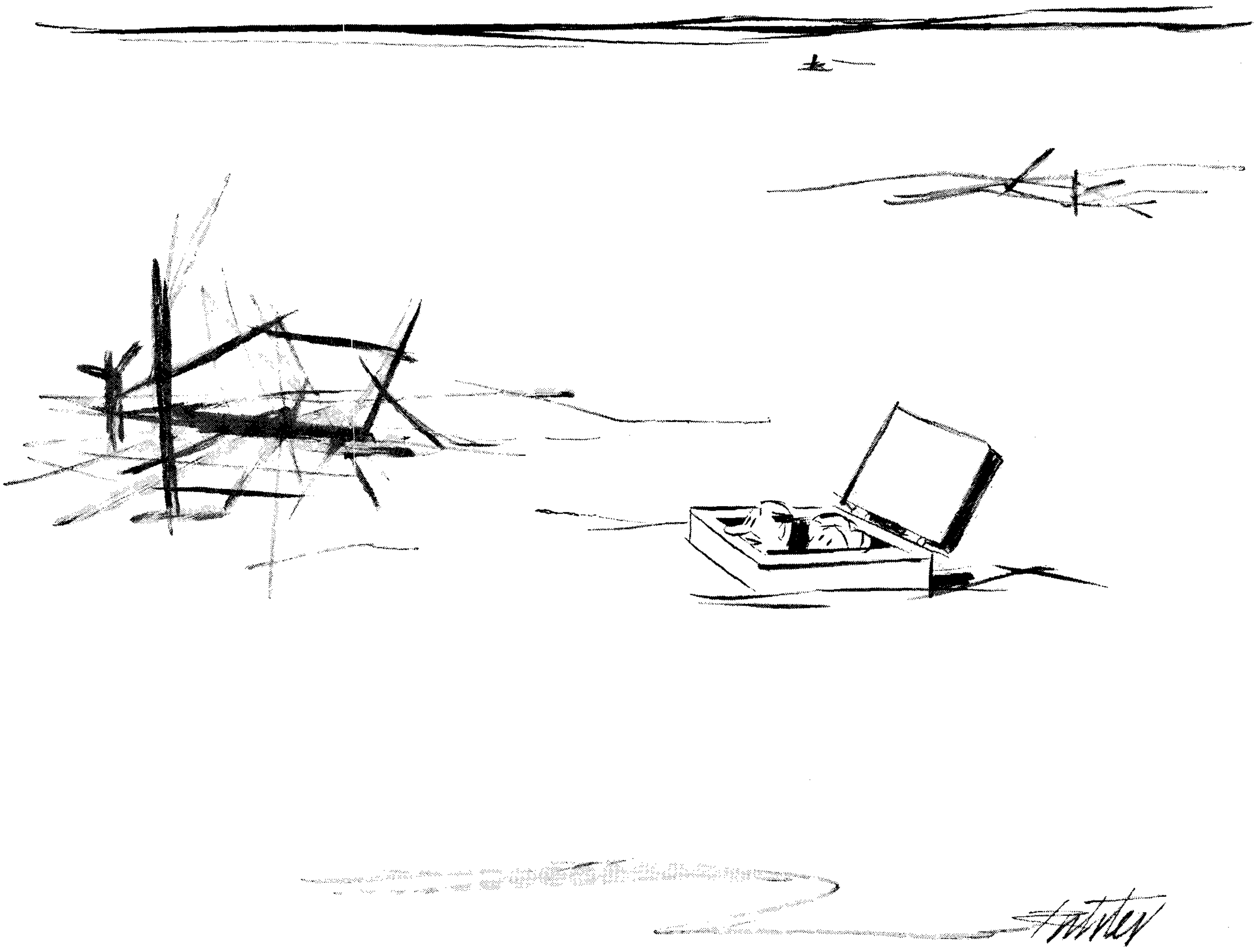
CINEMATIC INTELLIGENCE: The lion used in the movie "The Lion," recently filmed in Kenya, was shipped to the Dark Continent by Twentieth Century-Fox.

THRIFT SHOPPE
ANTIQUES

Fancy Food

ONE day last week, we swallowed the last chunk of a bacon-lettuce-and-tomato sandwich at the lunch counter in the lobby of our building, drank the last drop of coffee, crumpled up our napkin, and walked over to the National Fancy Food and Confection Show, at the Hotel Astor, for dessert. We had barely tacked on an identification card at the entrance to the ballroom when someone handed us a brandied cherry on a toothpick. We ate the cherry (O.K.) and proceeded to tour the booths on the ballroom's main floor in the wake of a group of incipient Clementine Paddlefords, who were sipping and nibbling everything in sight. In a section devoted to candy from England, Ireland, Wales, Germany, Finland, and Israel, we gnawed at a chocolate filled with rum-flavored caramel and paused to admire the Presidential Tin, a re-usable container decorated with a picture of an Anglicized President Kennedy, who was seated in the center, surrounded by the heads of his predecessors. At our next stop, we waited in line for a Petit Ba Ba-Au-Rhum, on a toothpick, behind a man in gray coveralls, who said he had already had three.

Munching our way to the mezzanine, we backtracked from dessert, and stopped long enough for a cracker and a taste of Michon chicken soup ("enhanced with sauterne"). On the mezzanine, a suitably dressed chef was distributing snapper soup from a vat, and we happily accepted a paper cup of that. Two men sitting at a small table across from the Foods of France Information Bureau were discussing somebody who was "nothing more than a glorified horseplayer." A man at another table was singing to a lady opposite him, " 'Dublin's fair city . . . through streets old and narrow . . .' " He added, "It's our new Irish tin. All the words are on it." A few feet away, a photographer was aiming at a beaming model, who was holding something on a toothpick in front of her mouth. Around a corner and down an aisle, behind a temporary bar, was a display of non-alcoholic cordials, and on the floor, on a purple velvet cushion trimmed with gold braid, lay a bottle of genuine imported caviar-and-Roquefort salad dressing. We ate a couple more crackers and watched the same photographer pose the same model with some Swiss chocolate before a quartet of mechanical figures in Ty-



"*I don't hear 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' but then I don't hear the 'Internationale,' either.*"

• •

rolian costume who were playing two silent accordions, a silent clarinet, and a silent string bass. Beyond them, a mechanical mountaineer clutched an ice axe in one hand and kept pulling a box of cookies out of his knapsack with the other. We munched another cracker and went back for some more snapper soup.

On the way downstairs, we passed a boy who was sneaking a hamburger and a Coke behind a screen on the landing, and then we came upon Booth No. 1, which we had missed on the way in. It offered dietetic candies, dietetic cookies, and dietetic *Lebkuchen*, *Spitzkuchen*, and *petits fours*. Too late.

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OVERHEARD on a Madison Avenue bus: "I think it's over. He asked me to send back his Museum of Modern Art card."

Mixed Doubles

WE have just had the pleasure of a brief chat with Karen Hantze (Mrs. Rod) Susman, of San Diego, who, in addition to being one of the best tennis players in this country, is the 1962 Wimbledon champion in both women's singles and women's doubles. (This year, Mrs. Susman and her doubles partner, Billie Jean Moffit, of Long Beach, California, successfully defended the Wimbledon doubles title that they won last year.) Appropriately, our conversation took place by the side of a tennis court. The court was on the grounds of the Meadow Club, in Southampton, where the annual Southampton invitation lawn-tennis tournament was being held. There was no women's event at Southampton this year, but Mrs. Susman was on hand to watch her husband—a fine tennis player in his own right—play doubles. While we were talking with her, the doubles match was going on, so we were interrupted occasionally by shouts of "Nice shot!" and "Out!" and "Gee whiz!"

Mrs. Susman is a soft-spoken, diminutive, brown-eyed, light-brown-haired southern California girl (she grew up in San Diego), and extremely pretty, too. It was a misty afternoon, and she was wearing a dark-blue raincoat. She and her husband, who is a business major at Trinity University, in San Antonio, have been married for about a year. This summer, they went to Wimbledon together as part of their honeymoon. He is twenty-two and she is nineteen.

We were curious to know whether it made Mr. Susman nervous to have his wife watching from the sidelines, so we asked Mrs. Susman about this, speaking as quietly as we could, in order not to disturb the players.

"No. By now he's sort of used to it," Mrs. Susman replied.

"Do the two of you play together much?" we asked.

"Well, where we live, he's about the only competition I get, so we practice together all the time," she said.

"How would you compare men and women players?" we inquired next, to avoid asking directly who wins the Susman family matches.

"Oh, there's really no comparison," Mrs. S. assured us promptly. "No woman can beat a good man player. Men are much stronger and faster."

At this point, Mr. Susman hit a tremendous overhead smash, and looked in our direction. His wife gave him an affectionate nod.

"Have you been playing in tournaments as a mixed-doubles team?" we went on.

"We played at Wimbledon together," Mrs. Susman said, "and we're going to play in the United States mixed-doubles championships at Forest Hills." (Subsequently, we learned that the team of Susman and Susman got to the quarter-finals at Wimbledon, where it lost a close match to Margaret du Pont, of the United States, and Neale Fraser, of Australia, the eventual winners of the mixed-doubles title.)

"Do you find it harder to play mixed doubles in tournaments with your husband than with a partner you don't know so well?" we pursued.

Mrs. Susman laughed, and said, "I guess you say some things and give some advice that you might otherwise keep to yourself, but with us it has worked out pretty well."

There was some polite applause as one of the players hit a service ace.

"How much of the year do you and your husband devote to playing in tournaments?" we asked.

"From June to September," said Mrs. Susman. "The rest of the time, he's busy with school and I work for an insurance company. I hope to get back to school myself as soon as I can."

A gust of wind blew over the court, and Mrs. Susman shivered. "Boy, I'm freezing!" she said. "I'd better get inside."

We wished her good luck, and she headed for the clubhouse. Later in the afternoon, we caught a glimpse of her in the comfortable living room of the Meadow Club; she was tucked into a large armchair and was reading the latest edition of a ladies' fashion magazine.

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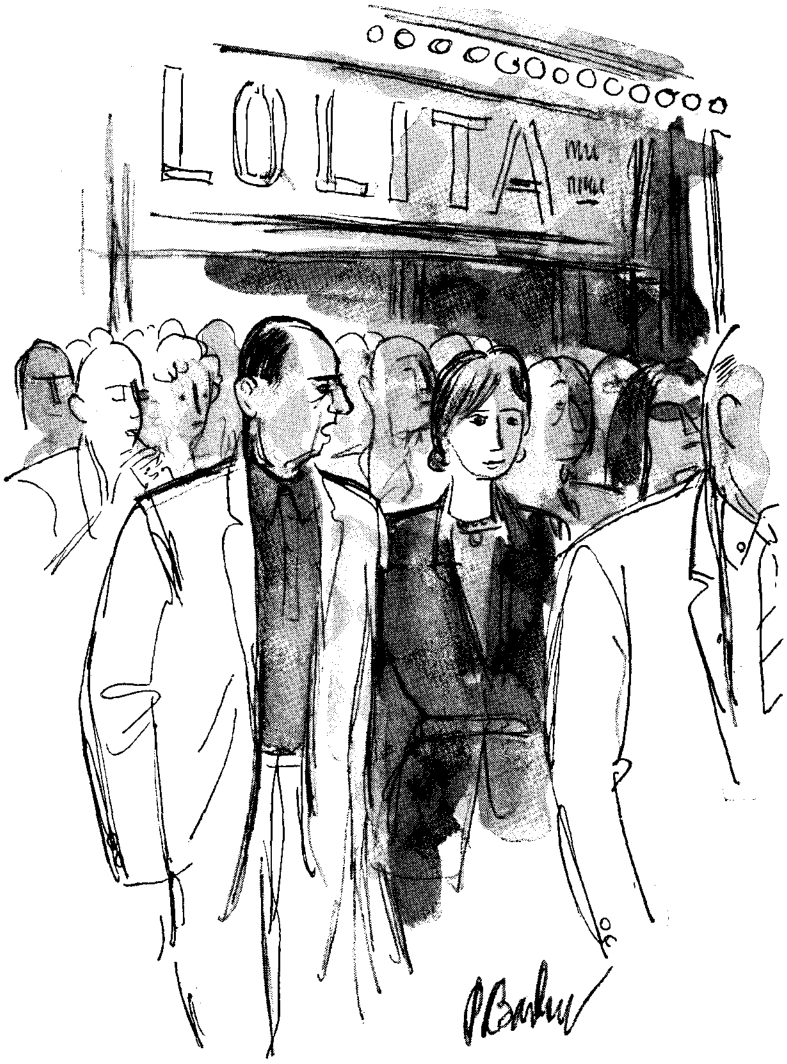
SIGN observed a week or so ago over a bin of fresh corn in a New Jersey market: "LADIES, PLEASE DO NOT STRIP THE CORN." Sign observed over the same bin in the same market two days later: "LADIES, PLEASE DO NOT STRIP THE CORN DOWN TOO FAR."

On Deck

A YEAR ago last April, we gave you a progress report on the lower level of the George Washington Bridge, which had then just been hung beneath the original roadbed; today we're back with a final survey, which we conducted shortly before the dedication ceremony, earlier this week, by taking a spin across the newly finished deck in the company of our old friend Henry A. Druding, who is the senior resident engineer of the Port of New York Authority for the project. Mr. Druding is a tall, solidly built man in his middle fifties, with brown hair, merry blue eyes, and a ready smile, and when we called on him at his office, on the New Jersey side, and asked him how things had gone since our last visit, he propelled himself jubilantly across the room in his swivel chair and bounded to his feet, positively beaming. "Well, we made our deadline!" he said. "We've just finished pouring concrete on the last stretches where the approach roads meet the bridge. The deck itself has had its final asphalt paving, and now we're prettying things up for the public by painting, cleaning, and clearing away odds and ends. Let's go have a look."

Mr. Druding led us out of his headquarters, which sits on a rock outcropping of the Palisades adjacent to the bridge, climbed into his car, and drove us down a ramp and into a yellow-tiled tunnel leading to the eastbound stretch of the lower level. "This tunnel is six hundred and fifty feet long, and its westbound counterpart, across the river, is about a hundred feet longer," he said. "The walls look spick-and-span, don't they? They've just been cleaned with a light detergent, and a lot of water and elbow grease." A moment later, we had emerged from the tunnel and were starting out over the three-lane eastbound portion of the deck—a totally deserted mile-long ribbon of brand-new asphalt that stretched across the river and diminished to a tiny point on the far side, as if fulfilling the promise of juncture at infinity. "Once it's opened to traffic, it'll probably never be this bare again," said Mr. Druding, and drove to the tower on the Jersey side, where he stopped the car, invited us to climb out, and led us to a flat seam of interlocking steel fingers that divided the pavement crosswise, like the meshed teeth of two giant combs. The bridge was trembling beneath our feet, and our ears were ringing with a terrific clanging that came from the roadbed above. When we cast an inquiring glance at Mr. Druding, he smiled and explained that the vibrations were caused by the weight of the traffic overhead, and that the clanging was made by cars passing over another seam of expansion fingers, on the upper level. "As you probably know, the main span of the bridge, between the towers, is

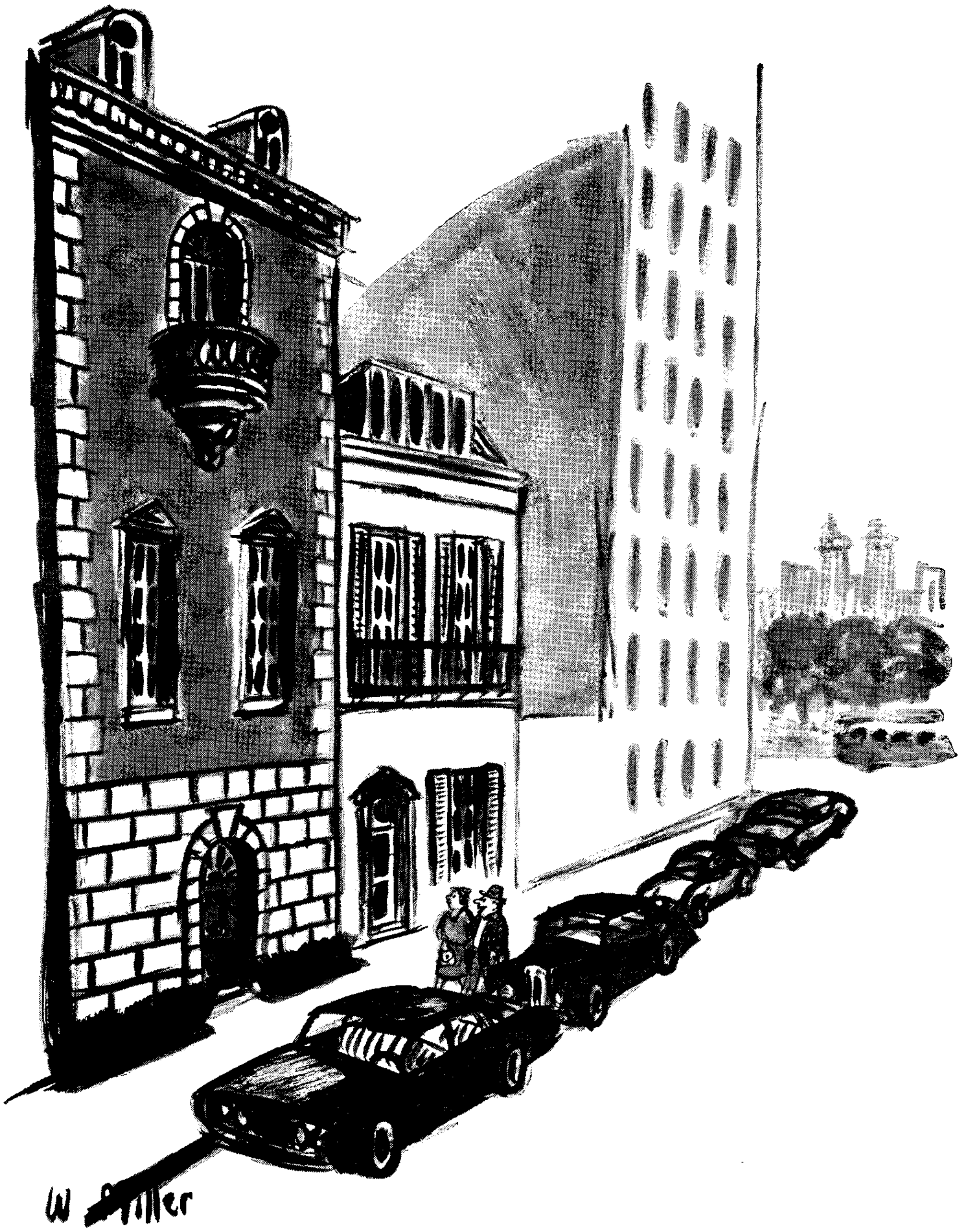


"How *could* I enjoy it with that woman behind me going 'tch, tch, tch' all the time?"

thirty-five hundred feet long, and moves up or down anywhere from seven to eleven feet as seasonal changes of temperature cause the giant supporting cables to contract or expand," he said. "The expansion fingers are designed to compensate for this movement in the roadbed, and we've compensated for a similarly induced movement in the truss structure that supports the roadbed by tying the diagonals of the trusses to the vertical beams of the towers with steel pins, ten inches in diameter, that allow the diagonals to swivel up or down. Over here by the catwalk railing, we've installed a fire pipeline six inches in diameter, which runs the length of the deck and provides us with an emergency source of water, so that in case of fire the upper deck won't heat up like a Dutch oven. It's a pretty big pipeline, but even so George Washington's constant flexings would snap it like a twig if we hadn't built expansion joints into it."

Mr. Druding walked across the pavement to the middle of the bridge and, beckoning us to follow, climbed down an iron-runged maintenance ladder to a small platform of grating suspended just beneath the lower deck, where we could look past the tips of our shoes and see the roily green water of the Hudson two hundred feet below. "If you bend over and lean out just a bit, you can get some idea of how the deck is constructed," he said. "It's an open grid affair made of steel four and a half inches thick filled with light concrete and then topped off with two inches of asphalt." Seeing that we had only one eye on the deck and our other eye was nervously glued to the river, Mr. Druding pointed to a sheet of chain-link mesh that had been hung across the open space between the eastbound and westbound lanes of the deck. "People tend to be careless about throwing debris out of moving cars, and the mesh is designed to prevent anything from beaning sailors as they pass beneath the bridge in boats," he said. "During the hoisting and hanging of the truss structure, the Bethlehem Steel people had two rescue boats constantly patrolling the river in case of an accident. Fortunately, no one fell during those operations, but we did have a man fall off each of the towers, and, all told, there were four fatalities in the five years it took to complete the job. That's not bad, considering the magnitude of the task and the fact that we had two thousand men working here at the peak of the project, but I wish I could say there had been none."

Mr. Druding climbed back to the deck, with us close on his heels, and, when we were in his car once more, drove us across the bridge to the New York side. "The biggest last-minute headache on a job like this is coördination," he said. "Somehow you've got to figure things out so that all the contractors and subcontractors get home together, and this has been tremendously complicated by the intricacy of the approaches to the bridge and the problem of maintaining a constant volume of traffic while we were working on them. In fact, the approaches, which we call 'spaghetti,' have been our main preoccupation." Mr. Druding stopped the car on one of the lanes debouching from the eastbound roadway, climbed out, and, taking us to the rail, pointed down at five levels of ramps, access lanes, and bypass routes—a curling maze, swarming with carpenters, ironworkers, and concrete-pourers. "Now, there's spaghetti for you!" he said.



"There's sort of a timeless elegance about a lot of dough."

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Raison d'Etre

A SOMEWHAT agitated father has passed along to us this postcard, just received from his fifteen-year-old son, who is travelling with a small group through Europe and the Near East:

DEAR DADDY:

This is an urgent letter. I need permission to go to a night club in Paris. Please wire permission to our hotel in France. It is quite necessary, as this (the night club) is the whole reason for my going on the trip. If you wire quickly enough, I will write the full details of our adventures right afterward. Having a great time.

Love,
JEFF

THE INDEPENDENT VOTER AT TWILIGHT

"YOUR lips are sweet," I said, "sweeter than dayspring to the shipwrecked in Nova Zembla. Now what?"

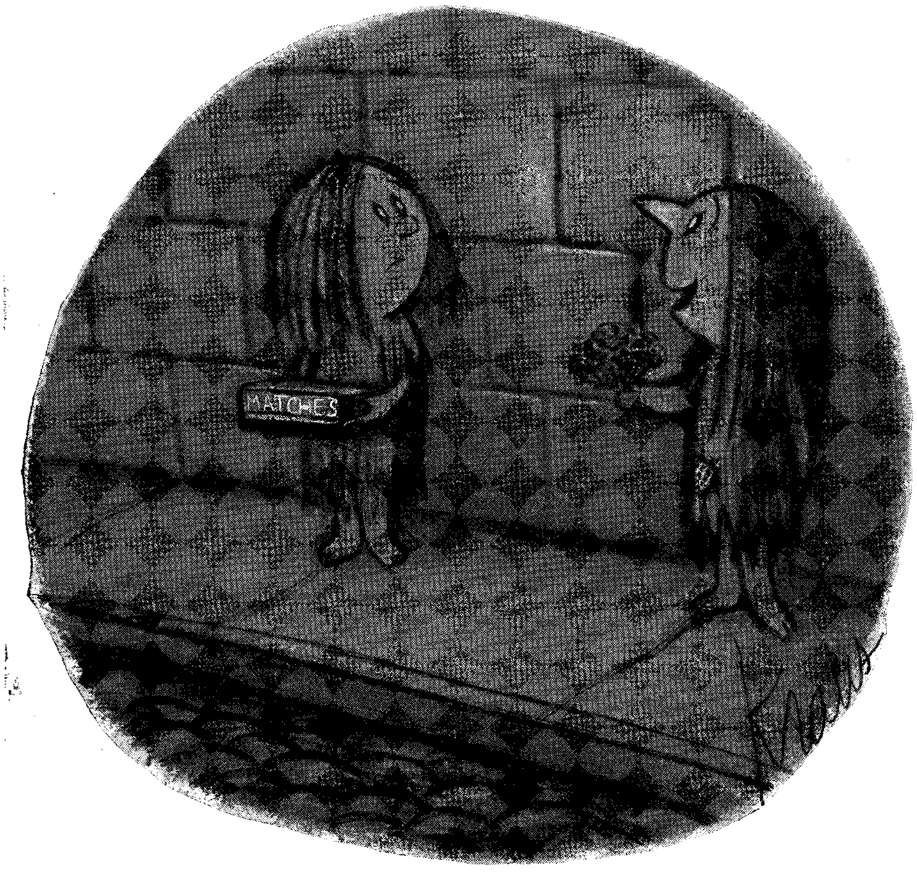
At six o'clock in the morning any husband looks like Early Man, and my wife considered the flowers growing beside the terrace where we sat scalding ourselves with coffee as she said, "Now, try to get a look at the sticker on Jack Bronson's car at the station *today*. This is the third time I've asked you, and I can't wait any longer if we're going to invite them."

The Bronsons were a couple relatively new to the neighborhood, living in a converted barn a quarter of a mile from my own backslidden salt-box. They had had us for drinks once, and the cocktail party we were giving a week hence would be a convenient occasion to repay them, if their politics were right. My wife and I, though firm in our opinions, are not intolerant of other people's, but some who would be on hand at the party were. I am thinking particularly of Fred Kitzbite. Fred is a hardened New Dealer who regards A.T. & T.'s acquisition of outer space as a form of creeping capitalism, which gives you some idea of the way his wind sock points. An equally rabid, or even a lukewarm, Republican present at the same party would make it one to which I would not care to play host. Campaigns for the forthcoming Connecticut elections had tempers almost as short as during a Presidential year. Stickers declaring the loyalties of the owners were sprouting on the windows and bumpers of cars everywhere. My wife had seen one on the rear bumper of the Bronsons' station wagon somewhere around town, but not closely enough to make out the name on it. The mere existence of the sticker seemed to indicate a firmness of conviction sufficient to make the thoughtful hostess brief herself more fully on the Bronsons before throwing them in with the Kitzbites.

"Bronson doesn't go in on the seven-ten," I said, rising to shave, "so the car won't be at the station when I get there."

"But he comes home on a later train than you do, so it'll be there when you get back. It's that big Mercury with the squirrel tail on the aerial. Now, check it without fail."

Trying to catch a few extra winks on the train, I remembered something Disraeli had said on this whole tricky subject of entertaining. The exact quotation eluded me, but it goes something like, "Anybody inviting a group of people to dine in his house must first sit down and do some serious moral bookkeeping."



"I find violets sell better during these summer months."

Halfway in to the city, the air-conditioning broke down—a bad augury for a day that promised to be a scorcher. It was. When I got off the train that evening, one of a hundred toilers carrying their wilted coats, all I had on my mind was a shower and a cold bottle of beer. As I sped home with all the car windows down, I hoped that the clouds massing to the northwest meant that a good thundershower was on the way.

"Well?" my wife asked when I walked in the door. "What did the sticker say?"

"Damn," I said. "It completely slipped my mind."

After a rather sultry dinner, we sat on the terrace with iced coffee, watching those thunderheads building up in the distance like a mass of body bruises. We listened to the seven-o'clock news on a transistor radio. After the news came a gossip columnist who devoted his entire broadcast to a panegyric on the Princess of Monaco and the valor with which she has resisted the temptations of Hollywood.

"I, too, admire Grace under pressure," I said, "but doesn't each of us in his humble, everyday—"

"Last month you forgot to send the mortgage check and the bank had to call us. Last week you forgot to mail that letter I gave you," my wife said. "I found it in your pocket when I sent your suit out to the cleaner's. You'd forget your head if it wasn't tied on."

I lowered my head to my knees, so bowed down was I with the sense of domestic clichés, of absolutely abysmal platitudes in which a man seems at times engulfed. I was sitting like this when my sixteen-year-old son came out of the house and said, "Pop, can I have the car tonight? A bunch of us are going to the bowling alleys." He meant the car I drive to the station, my daughter having already gone off to the movies with the other.

My wife and I went around to the front of the house to see him off, with reminders to drive carefully and to go directly to the bowling alleys and stay inside while it stormed, if it did. We were standing at the head of the driveway watching him make off down the road when the Bronsons themselves rode by, waving, in the other of *their* two cars, a Dodge sedan with no visible propaganda.

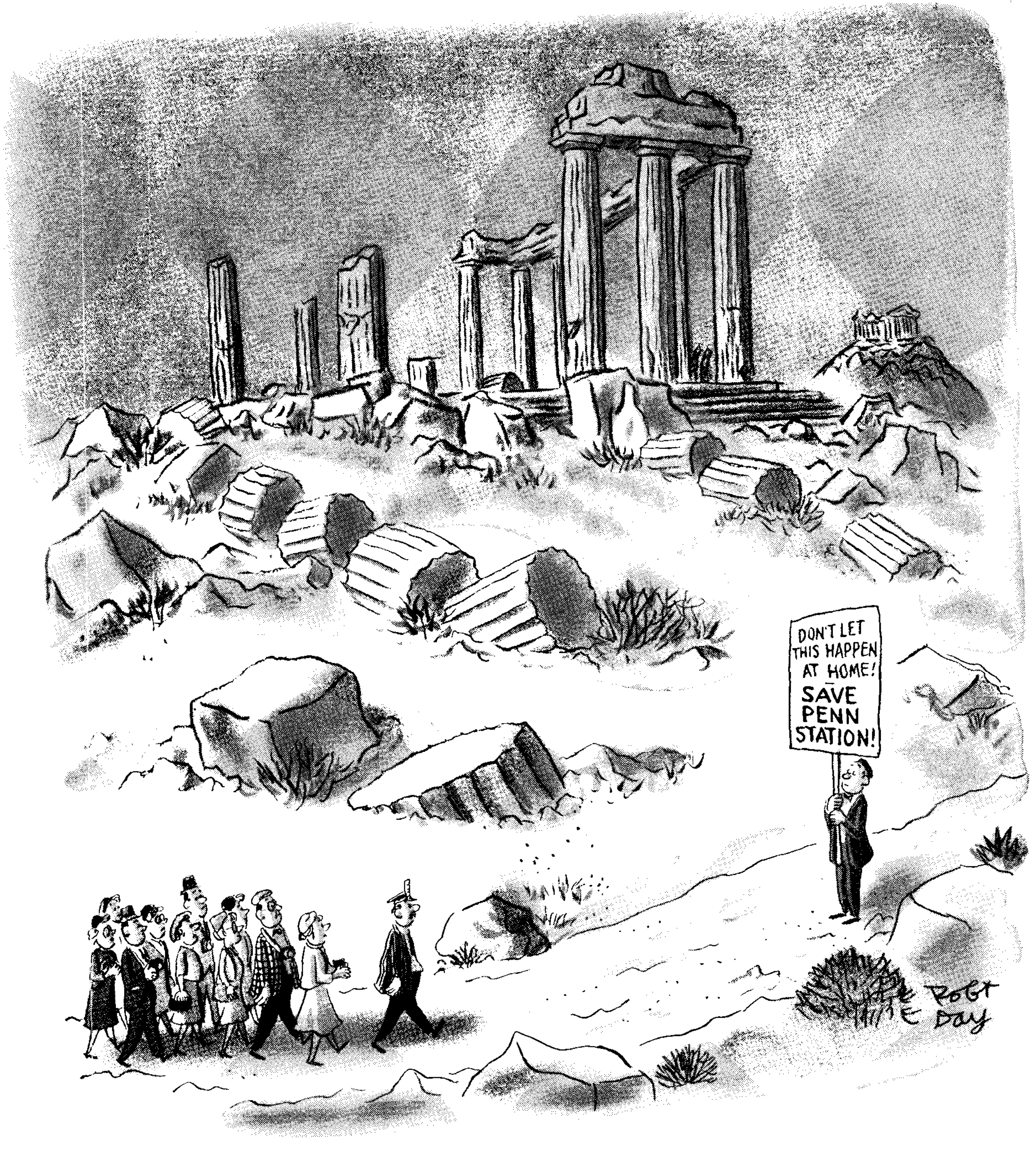
"Out for the evening," my wife said. "That means the station wagon's at the house. Now's your chance."

"But I haven't got a car," I said.

"It's not that much of a walk. You

say yourself you need the exercise. If you want to be New Frontier, *be* New Frontier. Go ahead. It's cooled off now, and it won't storm for a bit."

IT didn't, but I was delayed in my departure by a telephone call that took a good twenty minutes. Dusk was falling when I set out down the road, and it deepened into premature nightfall as thunder that had seemed distant suddenly began to crack overhead. The first scattered drops quickened my walk into a brisk trot. I tried to affect the long, easy stride of the cross-country runner, remembering also to enclose my thumbs tightly in my fists, which, as a boy, I had always been told would keep you from getting a stitch in your side.


DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN AT HOME!
SAVE PENN STATION!

The Bronsons' place lay just beyond a dogleg in the road up ahead. I surmised that I would have to take shelter in it till the storm was over. I rounded the dogleg, swinging along smoothly, and saw that the station wagon was not in the driveway. It was in the garage, which had room in it for only one car, the other being presumably left outside. The garage was in any case shut and locked for the night, I found when I galloped to a stop behind it and tried the handle.

I darted around the house in what was now a heavy downpour, and found a side door, luckily unlocked. I ducked inside. I stood there a moment getting my wind, and also my bearings. My eyes were not yet accustomed to the gloom of the interior, but a flash of lightning revealed that I seemed to be in a sort of utility room, or "dirty room," as it is sometimes called. I groped along the walls for a light switch, without success. Just then I felt something soft and living between my feet, and gave an involuntary jump. My start caused the cat—which a loud yelp from below proved it to be—to become more awkwardly entangled in my feet, so that I lost my balance and pitched to the floor, clawing the air and bringing down with me what seemed to be a loaded clothes rack, judging from the masses of garments among which I lay sprawled. I extricated myself and climbed once more to my feet. My spill had landed me clear at the other side of the room, where, after some more feeling along the wall, I finally did locate a light switch.

It was the Bronsons' utility room, all right, crammed with laundry apparatus and smelling faintly of creosote. It had two doors, one leading into the house, the other down into the garage. The cat was nowhere to be seen. After hanging the Mackinaws and things back on the righted clothes rack, I descended the three steps into the garage.

There was plenty of illumination from the utility room, but I still had no view of the rear bumper, which was a mere six or eight inches from the closed door. By putting my head into this narrow space, I could just barely catch a glimpse of the sticker and what seemed to be the initial letter "A." Whether that meant Abe Ribicoff, the Democratic candidate for senator, or John Alsop, the Republican candidate for governor, or any one of a host of other candidates for state and local offices was impossible to say. I would have to see more. And to do that I would have to open the garage door.

One thing certain about the Bronsons was that they lived in cramped quarters. With my left hand I reached down to the lock assembly midway of the door, turned the triangular knob of the latch, and heard the crossbars snap free. I grabbed the handle and slid the door up. Even then I had to go all the way outside to see. When I had popped out, another flash of lightning brought the sticker vividly into view. What I saw made me shake my head as I popped back in again.

I reversed my actions, closing doors and snapping out lights, and as I reached the utility room again, the storm suddenly let up. Even the rain had stopped, I saw when I had stepped outside, and, pulling that door shut, I started for home.

I had forgotten the capriciousness of summer storms—their habit, so to speak, of taking unpredictable encores. I was no more than halfway back when there was a deafening peal of thunder followed by a downpour that had me soaked to the skin in two minutes. The only protection from the rain was the trees—to be eschewed, of course. Lightning had never seemed to me, till that night, the terrifying phenomenon it really is, probably because I had never been so nakedly exposed to it before. Now I was convinced it was splitting the trees on either side of the road up which I sped, splashing through pools already inches deep and muttering oaths for which I could ill spare the breath. Such of my hair as did not hang in my eyes was plastered to my ears. My legs felt like mangled rubber, and a nasty stitch was developing in my side, for all my care in keeping my thumbs clutched. I cursed all women and their social complications, and couldn't wait to get home and tell my wife what I had found.

As I came down the stretch in the driveway, I saw that she was standing in the front hallway waiting for me. She held the screen door open as I stumbled, gasping like a drowning man, over the threshold, taking a keen pleasure in the mud I tracked on the rug. I continued into the living room, where I sank into a deep chair. I sat there for several minutes, coughing and spluttering, my arms hanging over the sides. She stood with her own arms folded, watching the water drip from my clothes onto the carpet.

"You'd better get out of those wet things," she said.

I nodded. The storm was still crashing about the house, in a way that made one glad one had had lightning rods installed even while one revelled in the mad sense of "judgment" implicit in the blasting thunder, which gave one the momentary illusion of being, oneself, an angry god. She would get what she had coming to her in a minute.

"Did you . . . ?" she began.

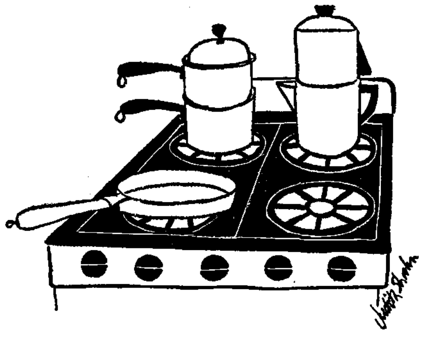
I nodded again, a single, curt nod, as of a man who cannot speak until he has caught his breath.

"What did it say?" she asked finally.

I rolled wild eyes at her, fixing her with them for a moment before answering. " 'Ausable Chasm,' " I said.

She looked down at the floor, nodding. Then she gazed out the window, shifting from one foot to the other, her arms still folded. After a moment more, she took me by the hand and drew me out of the chair. "Come on upstairs, and I'll hang those clothes up for you and get you a fresh towel. Then I'll fix you a nice drink," she said.

Traipsing in her wake to the bedroom, I pondered again this terrible orchestration of people known as hospitality, and wondered whether the Kennedys sweat as much blood over their guest lists as the Disraelis and we.



"Why, what you found out tells us *something*," she said. "It's perfectly safe to invite them. They probably don't care about politics one way or another."

YOU know the rest. How the talk at the party got around to travel and vacations, and where everybody had been and where they would like to go.

"Next summer, Joan and I want to go to Spain," Jack Bronson said.

You could feel Fred Kitzbite stiffen. "You mean and support Fascism?" he said. "You mean you think it's perfectly all right to bolster a regime like that with American dollars? To give it your moral as well as financial support by spending your money there?"

"Now, look here," Bronson said, and the free-for-all was on.

It was a shambles. It was a night to remember. Nobody we know has had the heart to get up a cocktail party since. Which is, after all, something.

—PETER DE VRIES

SEA CHANGE

At five, nothing but a washrag white,
And one sandpiper pecking at the foam—
A sulphurous saliva drying down.
Drinks are beginning on the porches. Gin
Clear as the light is. On the other side
Of the island, the sunset's foreign stamps,
Great South Bay, and, later, bayside lamps.

At eight, it looks like dirty travertine,
The clouds got up like an old ocarina
Of waxy pink. Then it's not to be seen,
Though something is: the moonlight as a skin
Slicked on each wave, broken on arrival.
A foot falls. Is it onto stone? Or fur?
The whitest sneaker blacks out to a blur.

Night. The passing headlights of a jeep;
The jetties, triple-spaced, the lifeguard stand
Make carbons and go out. And when I turn,
I gather the light's needles in my arms,
The weightlessness of lights, and, falling down
Into a dwarf shadow the moon has drawn,
Or, rising up into a giant one,

I waver into wet, stretch out on sheen,
And watch a graduating speck of dawn
Start up the scale from gray to grayish pink,
Turn orange and then red. Soon daylight draws
Two spindles in the distance. Floating in,
Perspective puts a house here, there a dune—
The changing of the gods. Morning. Noon.

—HOWARD MOSS

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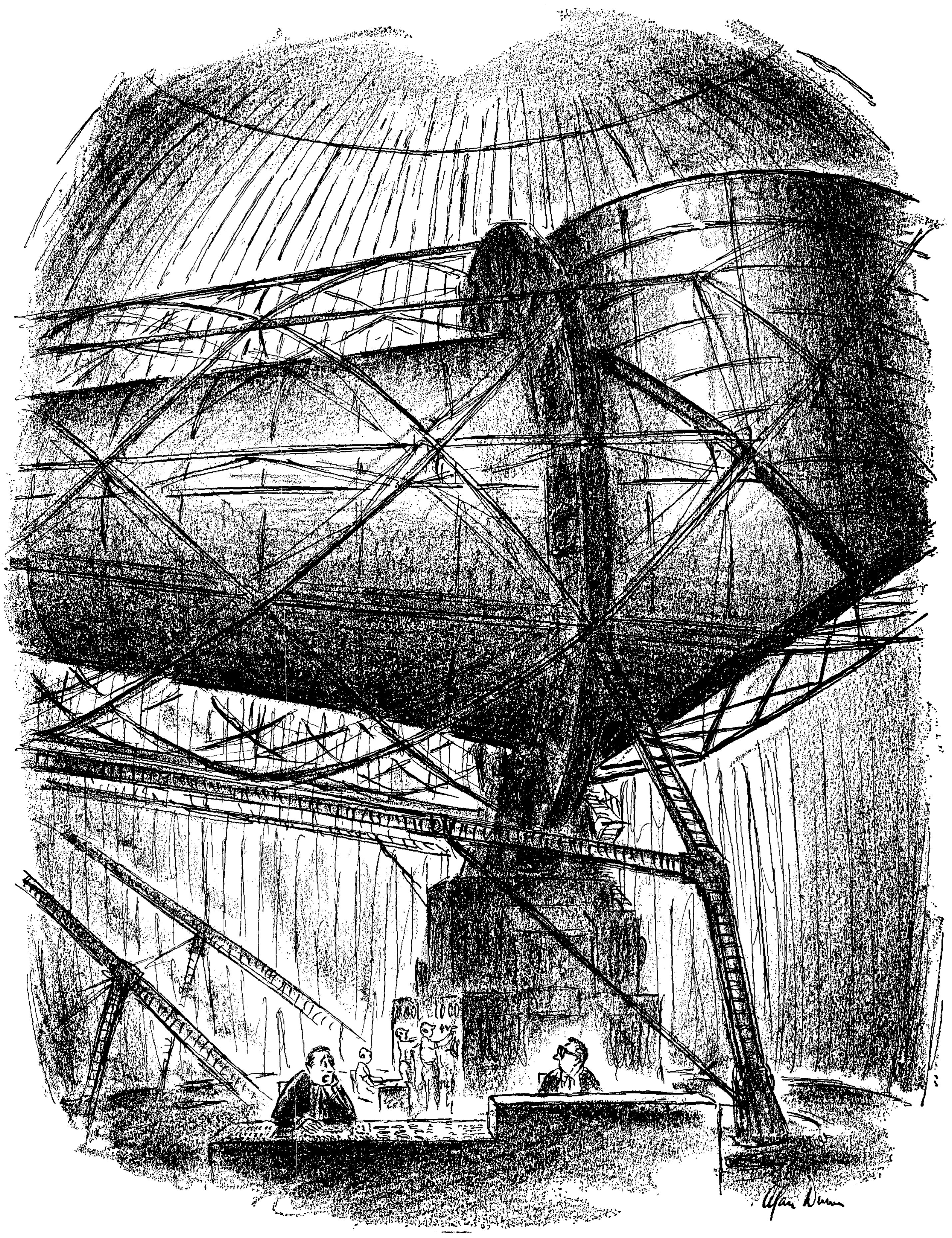

"John, I've been thinking. Why global television?"

"Tom and I are going out to hack around a little."

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one.

Apparently, he was doomed to failure in his loves, for the cake tasted of sweat and cough linctus. He laid it down where presently he would be able to trample on it, and stared after Belinda. Mrs. Leslie noticed his stare.

"Belinda walks exactly like her father."

"She walks beautifully."

"Yes, doesn't she? I wonder where she's going."

"She seems to be making for the car."

"Perhaps she has left something in it. Or perhaps she wants to move it into the shade. She has always been so fond of it. She learned to drive it when she was twelve. Of course, yours is much newer. Is it an Austin, too?"

"A Bristol."

"How nice!"

Belinda was certainly walking toward the car. Mrs. Leslie's beringed hand, clasping a half eggshell, began to crumple it. Hearing her gasp, he realized that she had been holding her breath. Belinda walked on. They watched her cross the cattle bridge and get into the car. They saw her start the car, turn it, and drive away.

"SO now they know." Belinda spoke in the tone of one who has achieved some stern moral purpose. "Or they soon will."

Belinda was one of those fortunate persons who fly into a rage as though into a lofty refrigerator. Walking across the heath in the glaring post-meridian sun, she had felt a film of ice encasing her, armoring her from head to foot in sleekness and invulnerability. She felt, too, the smile on her lips becoming increasingly rigid and corpselike. When she got into the car, though it was hot as an oven she seemed to be adjusting the hands of a marble effigy on the wheel. The car's smell, so familiar, so much part of her life, waylaid her with its ordinary sensuality, besought her to have a good cry. But righteousness sustained her. She turned the car and drove away, taking a studied pleasure in steering so skillfully among the ruts and ridges of the cart track. The track ran out into a lane, the car began to travel smoothly, she increased speed. The whole afternoon was before her; she could go where she pleased. The whole afternoon was

HEATHY LANDSCAPE WITH DORMOUSE

"WELL, Leo, dear—here we are, all settled and comfortable!" Mrs. Leslie, sitting on the ground, removed a couple of burs from her stocking and looked round on a flattish expanse of heath. "What heaven! Not a soul in sight." As though reinforcing this statement, an owl hooted from a clump of alders.

People born into the tradition of English country life are accustomed to eccentric owls. Mrs. Leslie and her daughter Belinda accepted the owl with vaguely acknowledging smiles. Her son-in-law, Leo Cooper, a Londoner whose contacts with nature had been made at the very expensive pleasure resorts patronized by his very rich parents, found midday hoots disconcerting, and almost said so. But did not, as he was just then in a temper and wholly engaged in not showing it.

He was in a temper for several reasons, all eminently adequate. For one thing, he had had a most unsatisfactory night with Belinda; for another, impelled by the nervous appetite of

Having crossed herself with a sigh, and allowed time for the sigh's implications to sink in, Mrs. Leslie pulled the picnic basket toward her and began fidgeting at the straps. "Let me!" exclaimed Leo, unable to endure the intensified creakings, and at the same moment Belinda said, "I will."

She did—with the same negligent dexterity she showed in every activity but the act of love. Out came the plates and the cutlery and the mugs and the homemade ginger beer and the paste sandwiches and the lettuce sandwiches and the hard-boiled eggs; out came the cakes they had specially stopped to buy at Unwin the grocer's, because his old aunt made them and it was so nice and right of him to let her feel useful still. Out, too, a few minutes later, came the ants and the flies and those large predatory bluebottles that materialize from solitary places like depraved desert fathers.

"Brutes! Go away! How Celia used to swear at bluebottles! Poor Celia, I miss her to this day."

you may; it's your only chance. She's in London for a week, being a bridesmaid, and then she'll go back to live with her widowed Mum in a moldering grange, and never get out again. She's one of those sacrificial daughters. . . . I believe the North of England's full of them." A month later, she had snatched at his offer of marriage as though it were a still warm partridge; yes, exactly as though it were a still warm partridge—snatching the meat, ignoring the hand. So wild for liberty, he thought; later, she will love. But halfway through their honeymoon she insisted on pining for home, even on pining for her mother; so they travelled back to Snewdon and were welcomed as both her dear children by Mrs. Leslie. Before I get away, he thought, and later on revised this to, If ever I get away, she will have sewn labels of "Leo Leslie" on all my underclothes. Yet he felt a sneaking liking for her; she was always polite to him, and he was young.

Since then, three appalling weeks had passed. The weather was flawless; gooseberries appeared at every meal. There was no male society except for

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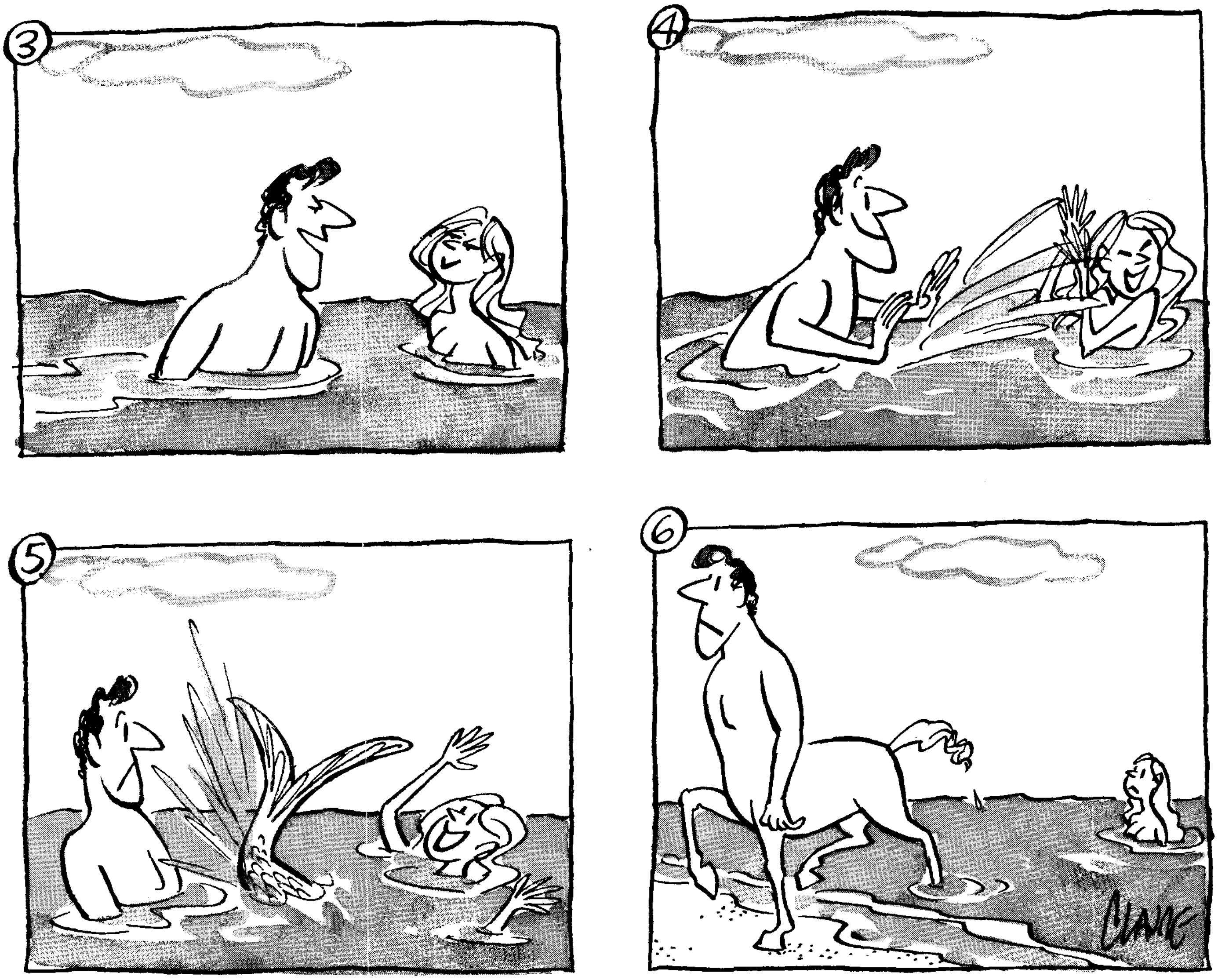
before Leo and her mother also, and a wide range of reflections; for there on the heath, with not a soul in sight, they would have to remain till she drove back to collect them. When would that be? Not till she had forgiven them. And that would not be until she had forgotten them, forgotten their taunts and gibes and the silly smirks they had exchanged, making a party against her, looping their airy conversation over her silence—as though she were a child sulking in a corner. Well, they could practice airy conversation, sitting there on the heath with the picnic basket. Presently, the conversation would falter, they would be forced to speculate, to admit, to learn their lesson. Slow scholars, they would be allowed plenty of time for the lesson to sink in.

With the whole afternoon before her, and in a landscape as familiar to her as the shrubberies of her birthplace, she drove with elegance through a reticulation of lanes and lesser lanes, turning aside to skirt round villages, or houses where someone in a gateway might recognize her. Once, she left the car and watched, through a gap in a laurel hedge, a charitable fête that was being held on the lawn beyond. There were the stalls, with their calico petticoats flapping; there were the little tables, and the enlisted schoolchildren bringing tea on trays; there were the ladies of the locality, and their daughters. How dowdy they looked, and how cheerful! Six months ago, she had been quite as dowdy and quite often cheerful, too; but now the secret was lost, never again would she wear a small floral pattern with a light heart. Dowdy, cheerful, dutiful, and self-satisfied—that was the lot appointed for Belinda Leslie. And if she had had a living father, or a brother, a decent allowance, a taste for religion or blood sports, or had been sent to a secretarial college—any alternative to Mother's swaddle of affection, fidget, and egotism—she might have accepted the lot appointed and be at this moment at one of the little tables, agreeing that raspberries were really nicer than strawberries: a reflection made by all when the strawberry season is over. But to get away from Mother she had married Leo, who was so much in love with her, and whom she immediately didn't love; and then to get away from Leo, and with nowhere else to run to, she had run home. Somehow it had not occurred to her that Leo would come, too. For the first few days, he had stalked about being intolerably uncivil to his hostess. Then there had been that ghastly bedroom quarrel, the worst they had ever had. The next day, Mother, smelling the blood of his misery, had settled on him, assiduously sucking, assiduously soothing, showing him old snapshots, and making him one of the family. And Leo, who had started up in her life as a sort of mother-slaying St. George, lay down like a spaniel to be tickled, and like a spaniel snarled at her from under Mother's skirts. Well, the one-of-the-family process could be continued on the heath. There would be touchingly comic stories about little Belinda, a sweet child really, but perhaps a trifle spoilt, needing a firmer hand. . . . Mrs. Whitadder and old Miss Groves at the table nearest the laurel hedge were startled to hear a car they hadn't known was there being so impetuously driven away.

IN a landscape as familiar to her as the shrubberies of her birthplace, Belinda found she had managed to mislay the turning beyond Upton All Saints and was temporarily lost. This, while it lasted, was quieting and dreamlike. The high road banks, bulky with late-summer growth, with scabious and toadflax and hemp agrimony, closed her in. Silvery, waning, plumed grasses brushed against the car, swish-swish; smells of unseen wheat, of turnips, and once of a fox, puffed in at the open window. She passed a pair of cottages, brick-built and of surpassing ugliness, called, as one would expect, "Rose" and "Coronation." A baker's van stood in front of them, and the baker and Mrs. Coronation were conversing across the garden fence. It would be childish in the extreme to imagine herself into that woman's shoes, with Mr. Leo Coronation coming placidly home from a day's work to eat a substantial meat tea in his shirtsleeves and then go off to spend the evening at the pub—unless he did a little twilight gardening. She managed not to imagine this, and drove on and soon after approached the cottages, the baker's van, and the conversation once more, having driven in a circle. Quieting and dreamlike though this might be, if she persevered in it the conversation would begin to feel itself being hurried to a close. So this time she turned to the left, and, coming to a road post, consulted it. Billerby & Frogwick. She was much farther east than she supposed. Yet she could have known it, for in the very faint haze spreading over the eastern sky one could read the sea. It was still a beautiful, endless summer afternoon; the shadows of the whin bushes and the clump of alders could be left to lengthen for a long time yet while Mother and Leo got to know each other better and better. Having forgotten them sufficiently to have to remember them, she was nearer forgiving them. They had looked so very silly, sitting on the hot heath and toying with Unwin's uneatable cakes. By now they would be looking even sillier. The longer she left them there, the better able she would be to endure seeing them again. Billerby & Frogwick. It was beyond Billerby that a track off the road to Frogwick ran past

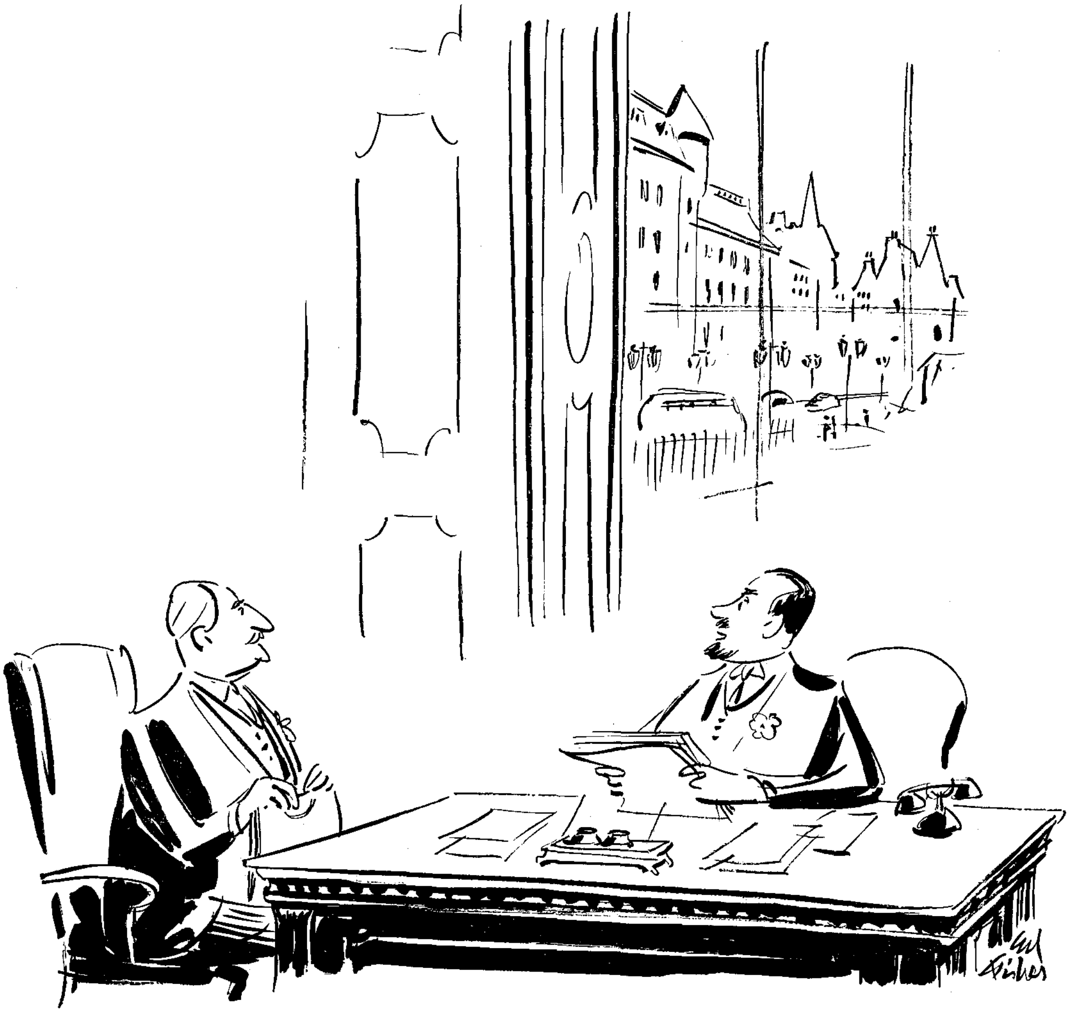


a decoy wood and between fields of barley and of rye to the barn that stood on the sea wall and had once been a church. Years ago, exploring on her bicycle, she had found the barn, had talked with the old man who was sheltering there from the rain; and even then had known better than to report on it. "Time of the Danes," he had said, looking cautiously out across the saltings, as if the Danes might be coming round the corner in their long-beaked ships. "Or thereabouts." "But how do you know it was a church?" "Course it were a church. What prove it—that there door ain't never been shut." Not wanting to endanger her find, she never went back to it.

Sure enough, the door was open. There were two farm workers in the barn, tinkering at a reaper. She heard one say to the other, "Tighten her up a bit, and that will be all." So she went and sat on the wall's farther side, listening for the last clink of their spanners. They came out not long after, had a look at the car, called it a rum old Methusalem, and went away on motor bicycles. But she continued to sit on the slope of the wall, listening to the grasshoppers and watching the slow, ballet-postured mating of two blue butterflies. If you brush them apart, they die; yet from their fixed, quivering pattern they seem to be in anguish. Probably they don't feel much either way. It was then that she became aware of what for a stupid moment she thought to be a cuckoo: a disembodied, airy tolling of two notes, somewhere out to sea. But it was a bell buoy, rocking and ringing. It seemed as though a heart were beating—a serene, impersonal heart that rocked on a tide of salt water.

The breeze dropped, the music was silenced; but the breeze would resume, the heart begin to beat again. She sat among the grasshoppers, listening, so still that a grasshopper lit on her hand. All along the wall, the yellow bedstraw was in bloom, its scent and color stretching away on either side like a tidemark of the warm, cultivatable earth. If the silly Leslies had held on to their farmlands, it would be fun, uneconomic but fun, to take in another stretch of saltings: to embank and drain it, to sluice the salt out of it, to watch the inland weeds smothering glasswort and sea lavender, and bees adventuring, warm and furry, where little crabs had sidled along the creeks; then to plough, to sow, to reap the first, terrific harvest. But no one did that sort of thing nowadays. The sea continued to retreat, and the farmers to squat behind the wall and complain of the cost of its upkeep. There was that cuckoo again—no, that bell buoy. She addressed herself in a solemn voice: "If you sit here much longer, you will fall asleep." Exerting herself to sit erect, she heeled over and fell asleep.

Once, she stirred toward consciousness and thought the Danes had arrived. Opening one eye, she caught sight of her yellow silk trousers, reasoned that the Danes could not possibly arrive when she was dressed like this, and was asleep again. When next she woke, a different arrival had taken place. The sea mist had come inland, was walking in swathes over the saltings, had silenced the grasshoppers, extinguished the sun. Her blissful, Leo-less sleep was over. She was back



"America has finally learned that one can't buy friendship. Damn it!"

in real life again, compelled to look at her wristwatch in order to see how long she had possessed her anonymity. It was past eight. Good God!—Mother and Leo on the heath!

She snatched up her bag and ran. Because she was in a hurry, the car wouldn't start. When it did, it balked and hesitated. Just before the decoy, it stopped dead. It had run out of petrol.

It was useless to repine; she must leave the car on the marsh, as earlier in the day she had left Mother and Leo on the heath. Obviously, it was the kind of day when one leaves things. Billerby could not be more—at any rate, not much more—than four miles away; though it was a small village, it must be able to produce a gallon of petrol and a man to drive her out to the decoy. If not, she could ring up a garage. Walking briskly, she could reach Billerby in not much over an hour—once on the road, she might even get a lift. By half past nine at the latest... She stopped; a stone had got into her shoe, a thought had darted into her head. By half past nine, those two would have finished their dinner, would be drinking coffee and wondering when foolish Belinda would come home, bringing her tail behind her. For of course they had not remained on the heath. Mother would have sent Leo to look for a man. "I think we ought to look for a man" was how she would have expressed it. And Leo, urban ignoramus though he was, would eventually have found one. Yes, they were all right. There was no call to waste pity on them. It was she who was cold and footsore and hungry and miles from home. Miles from home, and at least two miles from Billerby, and faint with hunger! Now that she had begun to think how hungry she was, she could think of nothing else. Two paste sandwiches, half a lettuce sandwich— Oh, why had she rejected that hard-boiled egg? Beasts! Gibing, guzzling beasts! By the time she walked into Billerby, Belinda was hating her husband and her mother as vehemently as when she walked away, leaving them on the heath.

But not with such righteous calm and elation. Her first sight of Billerby showed her that it would have been better to go to Frogwick. There was no inn. There was no filling station. There was a post office, but it was duly closed in accordance with government regulations. There were two small shops. One of them was vacant and for sale, the other appeared to sell only baby clothes. Nowhere held out the smallest promise of being able to produce a gallon of petrol. As for a man who would drive her, there was no man of any sort. At one moment there had been three; but they had mounted bicycles and ridden away, as though Billerby held no future for them. There was no sign of life in the one street and the two side streets of Billerby. Her footsteps disturbed various shut-up dogs, and in one house an aged person was coughing. That was the only house with a lighted window. Either the people of Billerby went to bed very early, or they all had television sets. There were, however, only a few aerials—as far as she could tell. The dusk and the gathering mist made it difficult to be sure.

However, there was the public call box, and when she shut herself into it, the light went on like a public illumination. The light showed her that her purse held four pennies, one halfpenny, and a five-pound note. Excellent! The pennies would pay the local call to some nearby garage; the note would look after the rest. Unfortunately, the call box had no Trades Directory book. She went and banged on the post-office door. Nothing resulted except more barks and the wailing of an infant. She went back to the call box, and began to read through the ordinary directory, beginning with an Abacus Laundry. The public illumination did not seem so brilliant now, the print was small.... She read from Abacus to Alsop, Mrs. Yolande, and found no garage. Perseverance had never been Belinda's forte. Moreover, honor was satisfied, and when reduced by famine it is not disgraceful to yield. She took off the receiver. She dialled O. She gave the Snewdon number.

"Put ninepence in the box, please."

"I can't. I've only got fourpence; the rest must be collect."

"We don't usually—"

"I'm not usual. I'm desperate."

The operator laughed and put her through.

"This is Snewdon Beeleigh two two-seven."

"Mother!"

"This is Snewdon Beeleigh two two-seven."

"Mother."

"This is Snewdon Beeleigh two two-seven. Can't you hear me?"

"Mother!"

"This is Snewdon—"

"Press button A, caller," said the operator.

Belinda pressed button A and said icily, "Mother?"

"Belinda! Oh, thank heavens! Where are you, what happened to you? I've been in such a state—we both have. Leo! Leo! She's found!" The shriek seemed to be in the very call box.

"When did you get home?"

"When did we get home? I haven't the slightest idea. I was far too worried to notice when we got home. What I've been through! We waited, we waited. At last I said to Leo, 'I'll stay here in case she comes back, and you go and find a man to drive us.' What I felt—every minute like an hour—and the flies! . . . By the way, I saw a nightjar."

"A nightjar? Are you sure it wasn't a hawk?"

"My dear child, I wasn't so frantic about you that I didn't know the difference between a hawk and a nightjar. Well, then I began to think Leo was swallowed up, too. I'd told him exactly how to get to Gamble's farm, but for all that, he went wrong and wandered all over the place, till at last he saw a spire, and it turned out to be my dear old Archdeacon Brownlow, and he came at once and rescued us. And ever since then, we've been ringing up the police and the A.A., and Leo has been driving everywhere we could think of to look for you, he's only just come in. . . . Yes, Leo, she's perfectly all right, I'm talking to her. And I don't wish to judge you, Belinda, till I've heard what you've got to say for yourself, but this I must say—it was the most horrible picnic of my life and I never want to live through another. Now I suppose I shall have to ring up the police and say it was all a false alarm. How I hate grovelling to officials!"

"While you're about it, you might ring up the A.A., too—about the car."

"The car? . . . Oh, my God!"

"And tell them to fetch it away tomorrow."

"Fetch it? What's happened to it?"

"I ran out of petrol."

"Well, why can't you have some put in, and bring it back? I can't do without it, I shall need it tomorrow, for I must take the Mothers' Union banner to Woffham to be invisibly darned and I want to take some gooseberries over to the Archdeacon, who was so very kind—and tactful. Not a single question, not one word of surprise. Just driving us home in such a soothing, understanding way. Leo thought him—"

Belinda slammed down the receiver. A minute later, the operator rang up Snewdon Beeleigh two two-seven to say there would be a collect charge of fivepence on the call from Billerby. This time the telephone was answered by Leo.

The call-box door was not constructed to slam. Belinda closed it. The public illumination went out, and there was Billerby, unchanged. She had never lost her temper with so little satisfaction. She could not even enjoy her usual sensation of turning cold, for she was cold already. "Well, at any rate, I've done my duty by them," she said to herself. "They know I'm alive and that the car isn't a wreck. And I've got five pounds and a halfpenny. With five pounds and a halfpenny I can at least buy one night to myself."

But where was it to be bought, that idyllic night in a lumpy rural bed? For now it was ten o'clock, an hour at which people become disinclined to make up beds for strangers who arrive on foot and without luggage. Farther down the street, a light went on in an upper window—some carefree person going to bed as usual. She knocked on the door. The lighted window opened; an old man looked out.

"Who's there?"

"My car's broken down. Where can I find a bed for the night?"

"I don't know about that. It's a bit late to come asking for beds." He looked up and down the street. "Where's your car? I don't see no car."

"On Frogwick Level. By the decoy."

"That's a pity. If it had broken down nearer, you could have slept in it. Won't do it no good, either, standing out all night in the mermaid. These mermaids, they come from the sea, you see, so they're salt. That'll rust a car in no time."

Like Mother, he thought of the car's welfare first. But he called the sea mist a mermaid; there must be some good in him.

"I don't want to stand out in it all night, either."

"No, course you don't. So the best thing you can do, Missy, is to wait round about till the bus comes back."

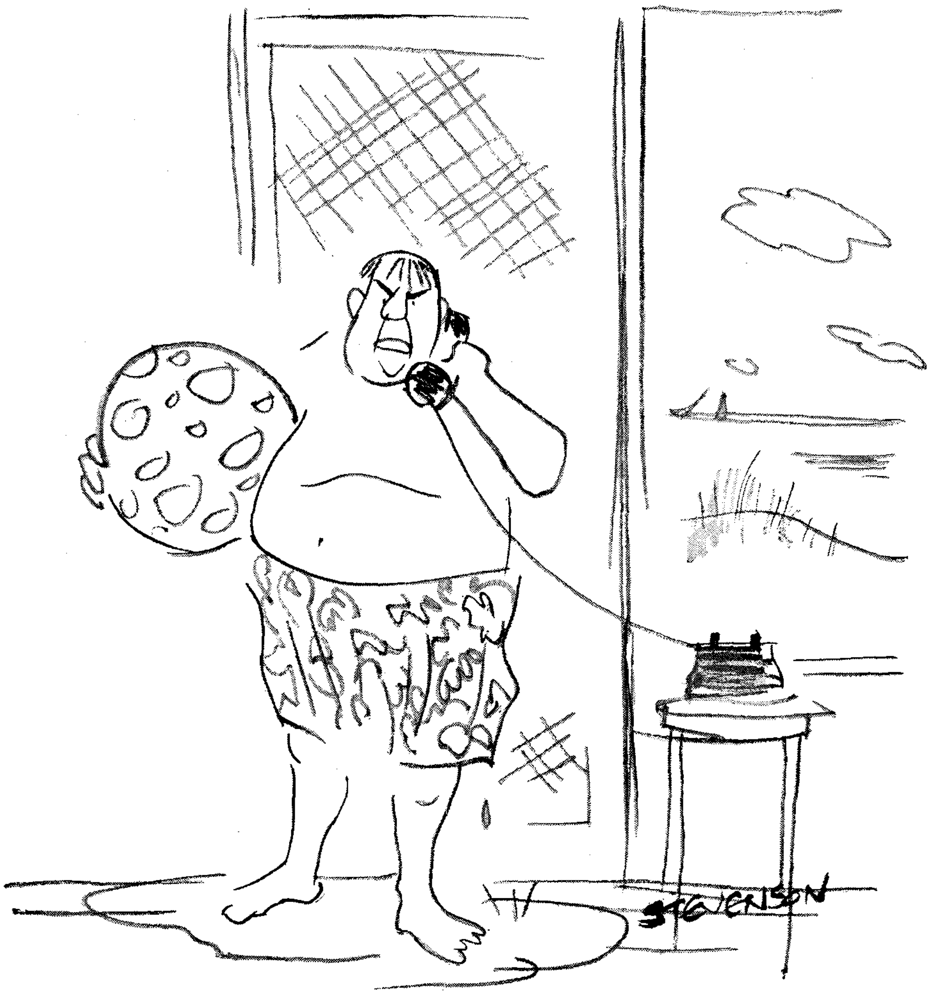
"The bus?"

"Bringing them back from the concert, you see. The concert at Monks Barking, with the Comic. Everyone's gone to it. That's why there won't be no one here you could ask till they come back."

"I see. Do you think—"

"They might and they mightn't. Of course, it will be a bit late by then." He remained looking down, she remained looking up. Then he shook his head and closed the window. A moment later, the light went out. He must be undressing in the dark, as a safeguard.

Hunger and cold and discouragement narrowed her field of vision; she could see nothing to do but to walk up and down till the bus came back, and then plead with its passengers for a night's lodging. They would be full of merriment, flown with the Comic. . . . It wouldn't be very pleasant. She didn't look forward to it. Besides, they would be a crowd. It is vain to appeal to simple-hearted people when they are a crowd;



"Now, get this straight, Fogarty. As long as I'm chairman of the board . . ."

• •

embarrassment stiffens them, they shun the limelight of a good deed. She walked up and down and tried not to think of food—for this made her mouth water, which is disgraceful. She lit a cigarette. It made her feel sick. She threw it away.

It was a pity she couldn't throw herself away.

Opposite the shop that sold baby clothes was a Wesleyan chapel. It stood back from the road and produced an echo. Each time she passed by it, she heard her footsteps sounding more dispirited. In front of the chapel was a railed yard, with some headstones and two old-fashioned table tombs. One can sit on a table tomb. She tried the gate. It was locked. Though she could have climbed the railings easily enough, she did not, but continued to walk up and down.

She might just as well throw herself away. She had always hated hoarding. Tomorrow it would all begin again—Mother's incessant shamming, rows and reconciliations with Leo. "Darling, how could you behave like that?" "Belinda, I despair of making you out." "It's not like you to be so callous." "Very well, very well! I am sorry I've been such a brute as to love you." Or else they would combine to love her with all her faults. "Darling, as you are back, I wonder if you could sometimes remember to turn off the hot tap properly." But to throw oneself away—unless, like Uncle Henry, one is sensible and always goes about with a gun—one must do it off something or under something. The Wesleyan chapel was such a puny building that if she were to scale it and throw herself off its pediment, she would be unlikely to do more than break her leg. And though there had once been a branch line to Frogwick, British Railways had closed it on the ground that it wasn't made use of. She could have made use of it. One would squirm through the wire fence, lie down on the track, hear that reliable iron approach, feel the rails tremble . . . "and the light by which she had read the book filled with troubles, falsehoods, sorrow, and evil. . . ."

But she was in Billerby, not Moscow. On the outskirts of Billerby, and just about to turn round and walk back toward the Wesleyan chapel, the post office, the vacant shop that was for sale, the aged person coughing. An aged person coughing. That, too, lay ahead of her.

A light sprang up on the dark. A dazzle of headlights rushed toward her, creating vast shapes of roadside elms and overthrowing them, devouring night, perspective, space. She fluttered into its path like a moth. The Bristol swerved, braked, swung round on a skid, came to a stop across the road. Leo ran back to where she stood, motionless, with her mouth open.

"Damn you, Belinda, you fool!"

"Why are you here? Why can't I have a moment's peace? Go away!"

"I'd like to wring your neck."

"Wring it, then. Do something positive for a change."

"Tripping out into the road like that. Do you realize I nearly killed you?"

"I wish you had! I wish you had!"

They clung together and shouted recriminations in each other's face. The driver of an approaching bus slowed down, and sounded his horn. As they ignored it, he stopped.

"Of course I did it deliberately. I drove away, and I stayed away, because I was tired of being talked at, and made a butt of—and bored, bored, bored! Do you think I've got no sensibilities?"

"Sensibilities? About as much as a rhinoceros."

"Rhinoceros yourself!"

One by one, the party from the concert climbed out of the bus and walked cautiously toward this mysterious extra number.

"A pretty pair of fools you looked, sitting there with the picnic basket! And there you sat . . . and there you sat. . . ."

She broke into hysterical laughter. Leo cuffed her.

"Here! I say, young man. . . ."

They turned and saw the party from the concert gathering round them.

"Oh, damn these people!"

They ran to the car, leaped in, drove away. Several quick-witted voices exclaimed, "Take the number! Take the number!" But the car went so fast, there wasn't time.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

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WASHINGTON (AP)—Three hundred Midwes college sudens heading for a wo-monh our of Europe as "suden ambassadors" under he People-o-People program, go some advice from Aorney General Rober Kennedy.

If you can' agree wih policies Kennedy old he sudens, don' hesiae o say so.

—*Marion (Ind.) Leader-Tribune.*

Never mind the dialect, Bobby. That comes later.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE GALVANIZED-IRON ROOF

ONE of the effects of the recent upheaval in the Congo has been to distract attention from the other West African states that have obtained their independence within the past few years, and there are a dozen or more of them scattered up and down the Atlantic seaboard, all of them struggling with the problem of running a government over which, for the first time in half a century, Europeans no longer have control. It is probably still too early to discern any definite political pattern in the scene—the first effervescence of independence is hardly over, and the sober business of balancing budgets and educating a new governing class has only just begun—but at least one is starting to see what the white man has left behind him in Africa and what the extent of his influence has been, and a very curious hodgepodge it is, rather daunting in some ways and stimulating in others.

These reflections are prompted by a jaunt I took through the Federation of Nigeria not long ago. I call it a jaunt, rather than a journey, since I hadn't really intended to pause in the country, but I was beguiled by one thing after another, and a month went by before I emerged at Kano, the chief city in the north. Nigeria is an excellent place to visit just now, since it occupies a kind of neutral position on the west coast; it has not turned to a modified dictatorship, like Ghana, or to Russia, like Guinea, or to the United States, like Liberia, and the inhabitants, as far as I could see, have no aggrieved xenophobia about their former rulers, the British. At the same time, a certain Africanness in the people's lives that was subdued or overlaid or controlled by the British has come jostling to the surface, and no one seems quite to know what to make of it as yet.

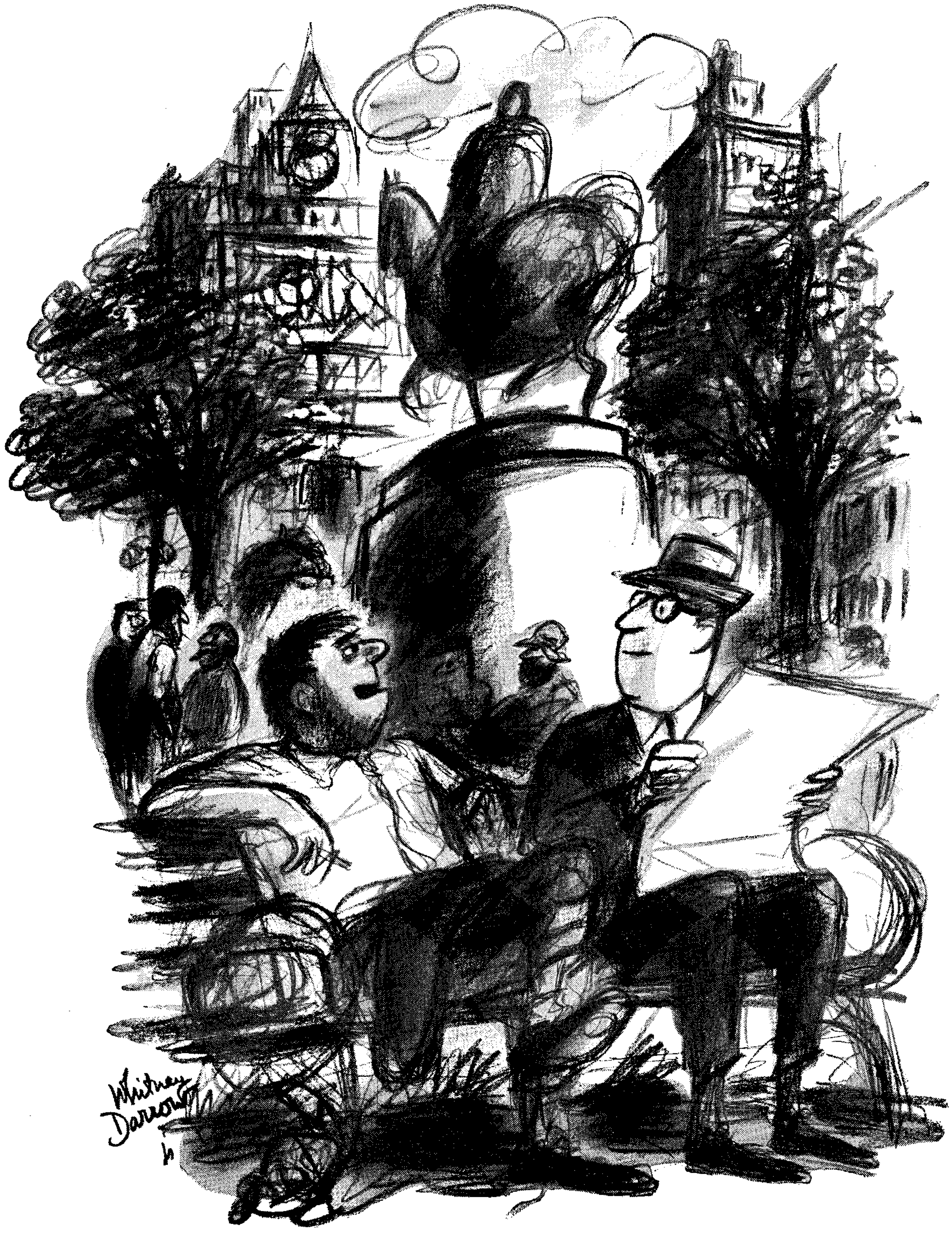
My trip took me from the south to the north—from the Atlantic to the southern fringe of the Sahara—and the really interesting part of it began in Southern Nigeria at a place called Bonny, at the mouth of the Niger River. The name "Bonny" I take to be ironic, for it is a grim little haven—nothing but mangrove swamps and malarial mud. There is an oppressive, leaden lifelessness in the warm sea—the occasional fish that leaps for an instant into the daylight and then flops back again only makes it seem more desolate—and the climate is awful: a steady, sticky eighty-five degrees all through the day and night and a perpetual bank of clouds looming overhead, and when the rain starts, it is likely to go on for six weeks or more. There is a kind of pent-up tropical fury in this rain; it isn't *reasonable* rain, and it spreads a green mildew over everything. Nevertheless, Bonny is one of the earliest places on the west coast visited by white merchant-adventurers on their way round Africa, and it was a great center in its day.

During the seventeenth century, twenty thousand slaves a year were shipped out of Bonny. Sometimes the slaves, chained together in pairs, preferred to jump to suicide in the sea rather than face the miseries of the passage to America, and who knows how many of them died of maltreatment on the way? Nor was the slave-driving any sinecure for the white traders themselves; many of them died of yellow fever or malaria within a day or two of arriving at Bonny, and the story goes that only those who pickled themselves in gin had any hope of surviving to a ripe and rough old age. For the most part, the traders lived in hulks offshore, and here they used to make their deals with the local African chieftains. These chieftains—and they had wonderful acquired names, like Captain Forty, Alderman Bougsby, My Lord Willby, Duke of Monmouth, and Drunken Henry—were no better than the whites. Once a bargain had been struck—a couple of copper bars per slave was considered a fair price—they would round up the required number of their subjects and deliver them to the ships. Since then, things have come full cycle at Bonny. In time, the palm-oil industry (palm oil is the basis of soap) took over from the slave trade, and when the British occupied the country, at the turn of this century, missionaries arrived and built schools and churches along the beach. Now, in our own time, the big petroleum companies have come in with their drilling plants and ocean-going tankers, and since the country is no longer under British rule, they make their deals with the new Nigerian government. Thus Bonny is a little capsule of the history of the west coast—the white man first coming to trade and remaining to conquer and to teach, and now, bereft of power, learning to treat the Negro as an equal.

I arrived at Bonny by ship and went ashore at noon, when a slight breeze was blowing the woolly air about and most people were asleep. Alongside the white beach I found a shack that claimed to be a hotel, and it was able to provide a boiled egg or two and a lukewarm bottle of beer. While I ate, I was presided over by an Uncle Tom-ish figure with grizzled hair and a straw hat. He was a courteous and kindly old man, and he remembered a good deal about Bonny's lurid past, but he spoke the dreadful pidgin English that is universal along the coast and is practically incomprehensible until you get on to it. (Quite apart from slavery, this, surely, is a crime of colonialism that the English-speaking world *can* be upbraided for; we have left these people with no common language of their own and only half of ours. The French in West Africa have handled things better; the Africans in their colonies have been taught to speak the pure mother tongue or not at all. I never heard pidgin French anywhere.) But one hardly needs a guide in Bonny. One simply walks along the shore and sees two centuries compressed into the present. Crabs and lizards scuttle over the ruined sites of the slave-trading factories, and here and there rusting cannon lie along the beach. In the cemetery beside the wooden Anglican church, grave after grave, overgrown with jungle grass, announces that Lieutenant So-and-So, this Smith, that Brown, these Robinsons—carpenter's mates, deckhands, and lay priests—died in their early twenties. Some of them appear to have scarcely had time to get ashore. One makes a quick mental check to be sure that one has taken one's malaria pill that day and reflects that these pills and inoculations have perhaps done more than anything else to cut us off from the African past; we can no longer imagine what it was like to feel constantly ill in Africa, and constantly under the threat of death, any more than we can really understand what it was like to be a slave.

The old town of Bonny is a labyrinth of mud walls and rusting galvanized-iron roofs—the mud of Africa, the iron of Europe—and is full of tumble-down buildings and derelict little workshops that are declining away to nothing because most of the young men want to get jobs in the bright new world of Port Harcourt, farther up the river. A ragged parrot, too old or too lazy to fly away, pecked at a pile of rubbish in the roadway, and an ancient man in a daze of inertia offered for sale a handful of kola nuts and half a bottle of Pepsi-Cola. Presently, a very spruce young African in a European suit came bustling by, with his clerk following behind with his briefcase—probably a magistrate on his weekly visit. Beyond the town, one had a glimpse through the mango trees of a modern school and the great, gleaming aluminum forms of the new oil-storage dumps, with tankers from Norway and Japan lying off the shore. It was terribly hot, and I tried to bathe among the mangrove roots but got covered with mud and slime.

These effects—the combination of the primitive and the very modern, of poverty and wealth, of Africa and the West—are even more forcibly displayed at Port Harcourt. It is a new town, and here you can see very plainly what the white world is doing for Africa now—the improbable shape of things to come. Port Harcourt is a four-hour trip by launch from Bonny, and one's first view of the place is of docks and railway yards rising unexpectedly out of a wilderness of mangroves. Beyond these, the modern architecture of Africa rears itself up. It is a complete break with the old colonial tradition of large overhanging eaves, wide verandas, and small windows set in thick walls to keep out the heat and light, and it certainly has nothing to do with the original thatched hut. The modern house in Africa is as straight and unadorned as a cardboard box, its thin concrete walls and large unshuttered windows exposed to the full glare of the tropical sun. Inside, the ceilings are low and the rooms are small, the advantage being that you can not only pack more people into less living space but also cool them down more easily with air-conditioners—if you happen to have air-conditioners. Such decoration as there is usually runs to perforated concrete screens set along an open corridor or porch, and this gives one a slightly dizzy feeling at times, rather as though one were peering through a honeycomb at the hard, bright light outside. The billboards and the traffic in the Port Harcourt streets are more or less what you would expect in any modern provincial town, except that the smiling people in the advertisements are all black, and donkeys meander about in the traffic. It is also a little strange to see the colored dummies in the women's dress stores; the figures are meant to be African, but the arms and legs are set in the chic, stiff poses of the white mannequin, the clothes are Western, and there is no sign of the protuberant African buttocks anywhere. In the law courts, the black judges and barristers wear English



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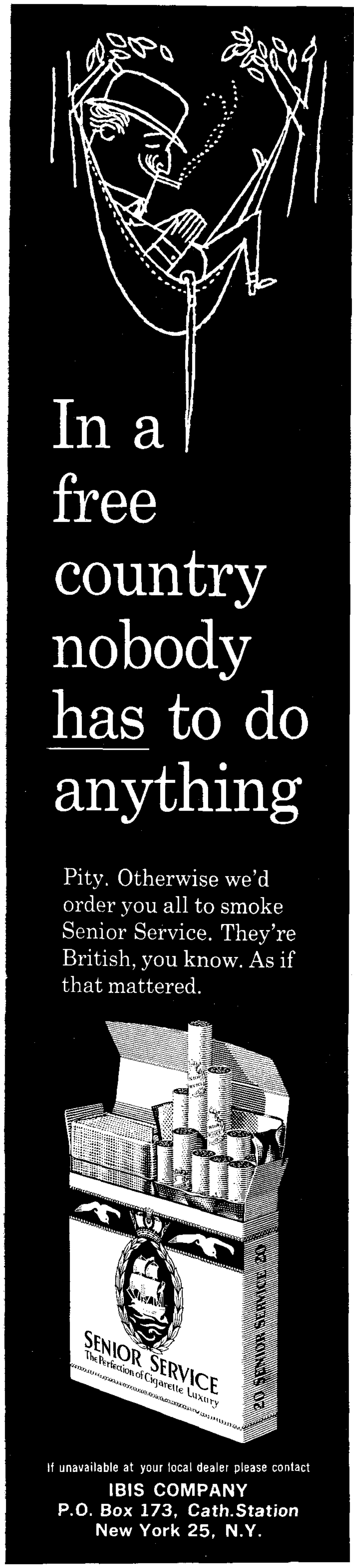
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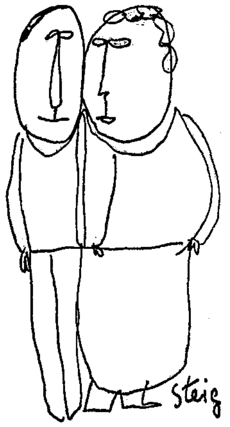
wigs. Everything, in short, is in a process of de-Africanization. Iced beer is sold instead of the warm native palm wine, bicycles are beginning to displace the donkeys, and young mothers are being encouraged to buy prams for their children, instead of carrying them in a sling on their backs. As yet, of course, few Africans can afford these glittering prizes that are being displayed before them, and one sees something of the great hunger for money in the extraordinary number of lotteries and football pools that are advertised in every paper. Naturally, there are enormous gaps in the new economy. One has only to wander a few yards beyond the main street and its rows of banks and supermarkets to find oneself among unpaved alleys and mud walls, with a patchwork quilt of rusting galvanized-iron roofs spreading away. There are some who profess to see interesting Braque-like patterns in these roofs, but to a less aesthetic eye they represent neither one thing nor the other—neither the traditional village that was a natural part of the African landscape nor the new Western world upon which the Southern Nigerians have apparently set their hearts. These slums are being perpetuated by a new building boom, which is replacing the mud huts with concrete boxes and prefabricated sheds. The bright new filling station rises in the midst of a mounting graveyard of broken motor chassis and disabled trucks. Yet there seem to be few regrets about all this. Educated urban Africans in Southern Nigeria like the new concrete shacks much better than their discarded thatched huts. Many of them prefer tight European suits to their old gowns, and the chaotic traffic is to them a sign of the way ahead. They want more and more concrete, and television galore.



The white inhabitants move a little uneasily through this new world they have created. Indeed, they tend to shut themselves off from it as much as they can. At Port Harcourt, the white employees of the oil companies and their families live in a special compound, with their own swimming pool and their own club, and their houses are built to a standardized European pattern. Air-conditioning night and day keeps the African heat at bay. Few of the oil people stay very long in Nigeria, so there is no inducement for them to learn the local language or to make friends among the educated Nigerians. I don't say that there is no mixing at all—I was entertained by several families in which the husband was black and the wife either English or American, and vice versa—but for the most part the only Africans whom the whites meet are their servants or their fellow-employees in the office. Few Europeans or Americans think of settling in Africa; their one dream is to get to the end of their "tour" (usually a year or eighteen months) and then take off for several months' leave in their own cool countries in the north. Yet when all this is said, it has to be added that it is very pleasant to travel in an African country where there is no color bar and where the Africans are in control. Many people told me that before Nigeria got her independence, a couple of years ago, the atmosphere was tense, and even hostile. Now everyone seems to get along very well together. From the white's point of view, there is perhaps a sense of relief in *not* being top dog for a change. (This may not be absolutely true of the white civil servants who have continued in subordinate positions under the new Nigerian government. Yet they have been very loyal to the new regime, as the Nigerians themselves agree. Some of them have been in Nigeria for many years; they love the country and find it sad that the Africans they have educated will soon take their places and that they will have to go.)

The old Africa still remains, of course. Just a few miles out of Port Harcourt—or out of any other southern town, for that matter—one is enclosed by thick jungle. Huge trees rise a hundred feet above the ground, and groves of mangoes hold back the heat with a deep, green shade. The jungle villages are the sort of lush and beautiful places that Paul Gauguin loved to paint, and the people in them hold to their ancient ways. They cultivate yams—those great, sluglike tubular roots that taste like inferior potatoes—and produce palm oil by boiling down the nuts of the palm trees that grow everywhere in the Niger delta. I visited, I suppose, about a dozen of these villages, each one prettier than the last, and yet there was a claustrophobic and even slightly sinister atmosphere about them—the kind of menace that some people find in an orchid. A great silence pressed down on the surrounding undergrowth, and the juju house, hung with the skins of

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birds, rats, and lizards, and with bones and other charms, stood at the edge of every clearing. Ancestor worship is still practiced, but, like everything else in Southern Nigeria, it is in a state of transition. Formerly, wooden images commemorated the dead. Nowadays highly colored concrete statues are set up, the male figures usually sitting bolt upright in an armchair, dressed in jackets, collars, and ties, and wearing square hats very like those that the European sailors used to wear along the coast a hundred years ago. Indeed, the whole effect is that of the figurehead of an old sailing ship, and is as touchingly comic as a child's drawing. Underneath a statue one can read, in crude letters, that this is the memorial to an important chief who "has departed from us to the land of see no more." In the jungle itself, nothing appears to move—never an animal, hardly a bird. Almost all the wildlife was trapped, killed, and eaten long along. I came on a party of young men armed with clubs just as they were about to enter a thick patch of undergrowth, and asked them what they were hunting.

"Anything that moves," they said.

"Rats? Snakes?"

"Oh, yes."

"And you will eat them?"

"Of course."

Even domestic dogs are eaten in this corner of Nigeria, so great is the scarcity of meat.

About a hundred miles north of Port Harcourt, you emerge from the trees and the myriad creeks of the Niger delta, and at the town of Onitsha you behold the river rolling by in one channel, at least half a mile wide, its gray-blue waters dotted with little boats. This is a lovely sight. And because Onitsha is a crossroads in Nigeria—a meeting place of pagan and Christian Ibos and Yorubas, who inhabit the wet coastal fringe, and of the Moslem Hausa and Fulani tribesmen, who live in the dry savannas of the north—it contains a great market, probably the largest in all West Africa. Markets are the life of Nigeria. Wherever you go, you find on the roads a long procession of people and animals coming in to them or going away from them, and perhaps the tropical habit of protracted bargaining comes from the fact that the crowds like to spend all day in the market, arguing, gossiping, gathering the news, spinning out the time until they have to go home again. At Onitsha market, whole acres of the riverbank have been roofed over, and you can buy anything there, from a tractor to a bundle of porcupine quills to keep evil spirits at bay. If you ar-

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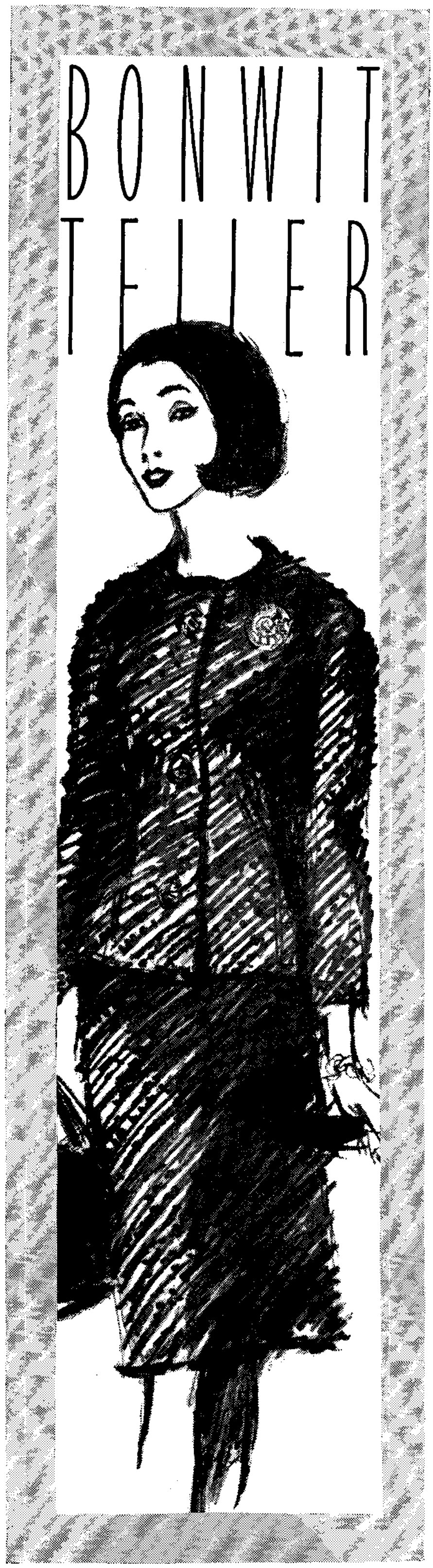

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rived naked, you could emerge an hour or two later dressed in sandals, clothes, and a hat, all made to order on the spot. Everyone knows everyone in this place. Here, in a continuous tumult of talk and blaring radios, you can make or lose a political reputation, start a riot, or contract a marriage. Here, absolutely and completely, you are in touch.

To be in touch. This really is the point about the Nigerian people—or, at any rate, about the southerners—and I began to realize it at this stage of my journey. They love to touch, to know one another, to respond to one another. They are the most contiguous people on earth. At every confrontation, the eyes light up, a smile suffuses the whole face, and the black hand holds on to yours, gently and endearingly, not wanting to let go, not for a moment, not just yet. "Welcome, welcome." One hears the word a hundred times a day. "How are you doing?" "Where have you come from?" "I am glad you are here"—the murmuring phrases follow you about like soothing music and make you feel that you must be a great fellow in the world. And if you are riding by in a car and the Nigerian cannot reach forward to shake you by the hand, he will wave instead, apparently very much refreshed by just this one quick glimpse of you. You meet this spontaneous warmth with double force in the dance halls. However much you may be aware that Negroes love to dance, that they dance very well, and that Africa is the home of their dancing, you will still be unprepared for the compulsive rhythms of Nigeria. Not to dance here is not to live. If a naked four-year-old is left by its mother for a minute or two, it will compose a little song, thrust out its arms, bend at the waist, and dance alone in the sun. A gas-station hand danced while he filled the tank of my car, and I have seen a conductor dance in his bus—a crowded bus, at that. The dance the Nigerians like best is the High Life, in which the partners gyrate around each other, seldom literally touching yet intimately linked to one another in a pattern of shuffling little steps, the feet and the head hardly moving, everything being done by a sort of exultant rhythm in the body and the arms. Often, you will see a man or a girl dancing alone, or two girls dancing together, or two men, and they are as absorbed and possessed and relaxed as people can only be when they are happy and have lost all consciousness of themselves. The sound of the drumbeat runs through them as precisely, as compulsively, and as recklessly as it runs through the drum itself, and the smile on the girl's dark face is a

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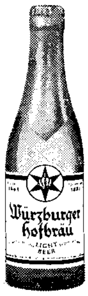

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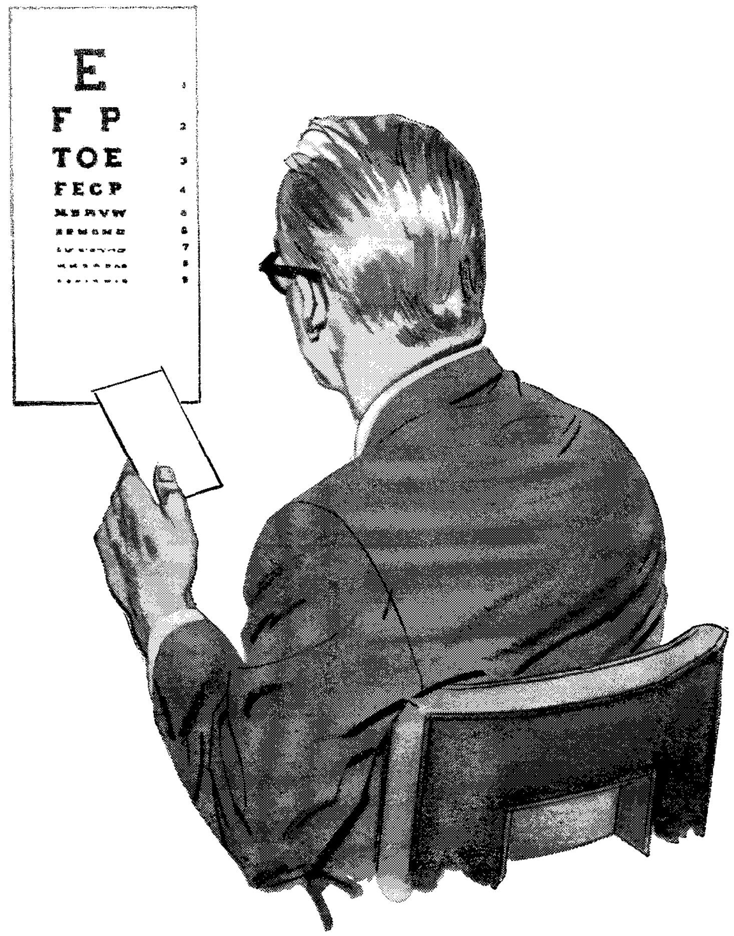

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hypnotic smile, a smile for herself. She turns away from her partner, bending almost to the floor in a little cadenza of her own, and then dances up to him (or her) again with a flurry of beckoning gestures, reaching out with half-closed hands, and one realizes that it would be almost impossible for anyone dancing in this way to be absurd or obscene or ugly. All this is very beguiling, and one can sit and watch by the hour. The warm night air is at its best around two in the morning, and the concrete floor, the cheap chairs and tables, and the decorations of colored paper that seemed so tawdry when you first arrived are now exactly right. No one takes any particular notice of a foreigner at these dance halls, but if by chance a white man does succeed in forgetting himself sufficiently to dance the High Life well, the Nigerians are delighted.

I HAD come to Onitsha by car, and by the time I got there, I had had enough for the moment of driving on Nigerian roads. The blacktop is very narrow, with red lateritic soil on either side, and the "mammy buses"—converted trucks, crammed beyond the limit with passengers, mostly women—come lurching and careering along at a lethal speed. On one eighty-mile stretch, I counted twenty-seven wrecks, and at some of the more dangerous corners a tombstone maker, with a grim sense of humor, had erected his advertisements. And so at the nearby town of Enugu I took the train to Jos, in the central highlands. It was a journey of four hundred miles and took just about twenty-four hours.

I had been warned in advance about this train. No one, I was assured, ever took the train in Nigeria if he could possibly fly; it was too hot, too slow, too uncomfortable. Yet if one is to travel at all, one's curiosity surely ought to be greater than one's fear of discomfort and boredom, and I had not come all this way to Nigeria to look at the clouds. I wanted to see the landscape as I went along, and at Jos I wanted to visit the pagan tribes who are almost the last true vestige of the country's prehistoric past. Sure enough, when I got to the Enugu station, I found that I was the only white on board among several hundred Africans. They overwhelmed me with kindness. The train was crowded, but they insisted that I have a compartment to myself, and the cook produced a series of specially prepared European meals. And so all day and all night we chugged along. In the early hours of the morning, we crossed the clanking bridge that spans the Benue, the great tributary of

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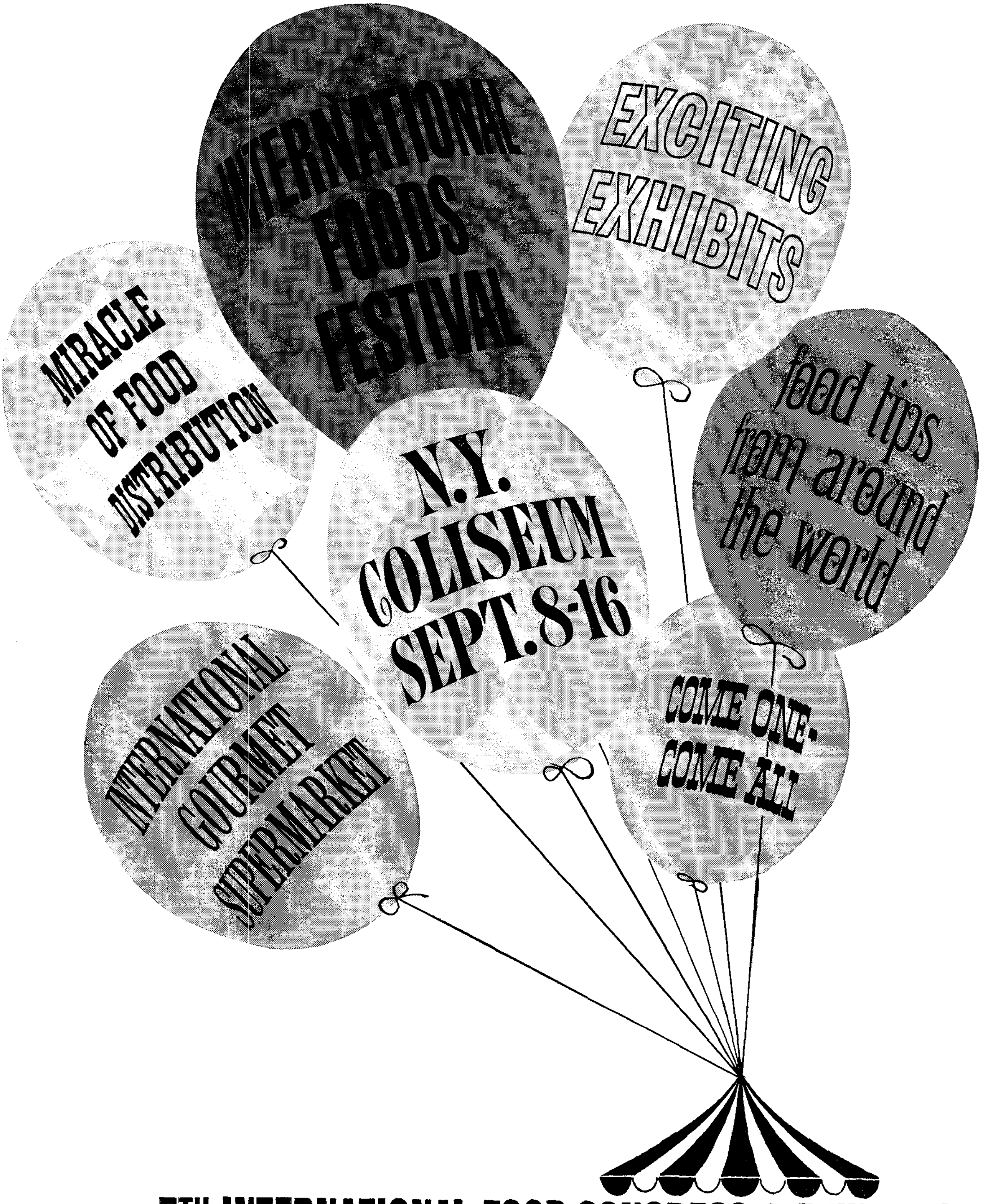
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the Niger, and when I awoke, we were in Northern Nigeria. There were hills in the distance—the first real hills I had seen in Nigeria—and the air was hot and dry. The people, moreover, had changed. Their skins were almost as dark, but the round Negro head was here replaced by thinner and softer features. All were wearing Moorish robes, some with caps, some with turbans; a number had scars and blue tattoo marks on their faces and shoulders. The villages we passed were of mud and thatch and were much more attractive than anything in the south. At the wayside stations, people greeted one another by making little ducking bows, sometimes even sinking to their knees. The nonstop music of the south had gone, along with the dancing. One began to hear the name of Allah everywhere.

The pagans are a little enclave in this Moslem world, and I had a glimpse of them from the train as we were approaching Jos—the men with an open cape hanging from the shoulder, and the women quite naked except for a couple of bunches of leaves tied about their waists. There is always a fascination in visiting primitive naked peoples. There but for the pressure of civilization, one says, go I myself. To wear no clothes and have no shame about it, to follow one's appetites instead of convention, to relax, to acknowledge no timetable except that of the night and the day, to live in beautiful surroundings instead of treading on hard asphalt—this is the familiar dream image of the primitive life that the ad-mass-man carries around with him. And it is not altogether false—not, at any rate, according to my experiences in Africa. Despite all the dirt and squalor and monotony of existence in these villages, there is an element of practical *rightness* in the people's way of life. Their minds may be filled at times with dark and harmful superstitions, but, unlike us, they have control of their own lives: they themselves can mend any of their possessions that happen to break down. There is no question with them of the electric light's failing or of the car's refusing to start; they throw another log on the fire, and when they want to get anywhere they walk. They cultivate and cook their own food, brew their own beer, build and repair their own houses, and create, in their ceremonies and occasional drinking bouts, their own amusements. Effect directly follows cause throughout the day, everyone knows exactly what he is doing and what the outcome will be, and perhaps there is a certain freedom in simply *not* having to wait for an elevator or a bus.

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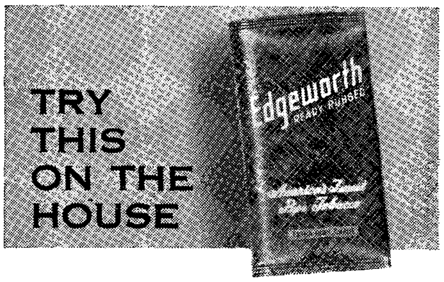
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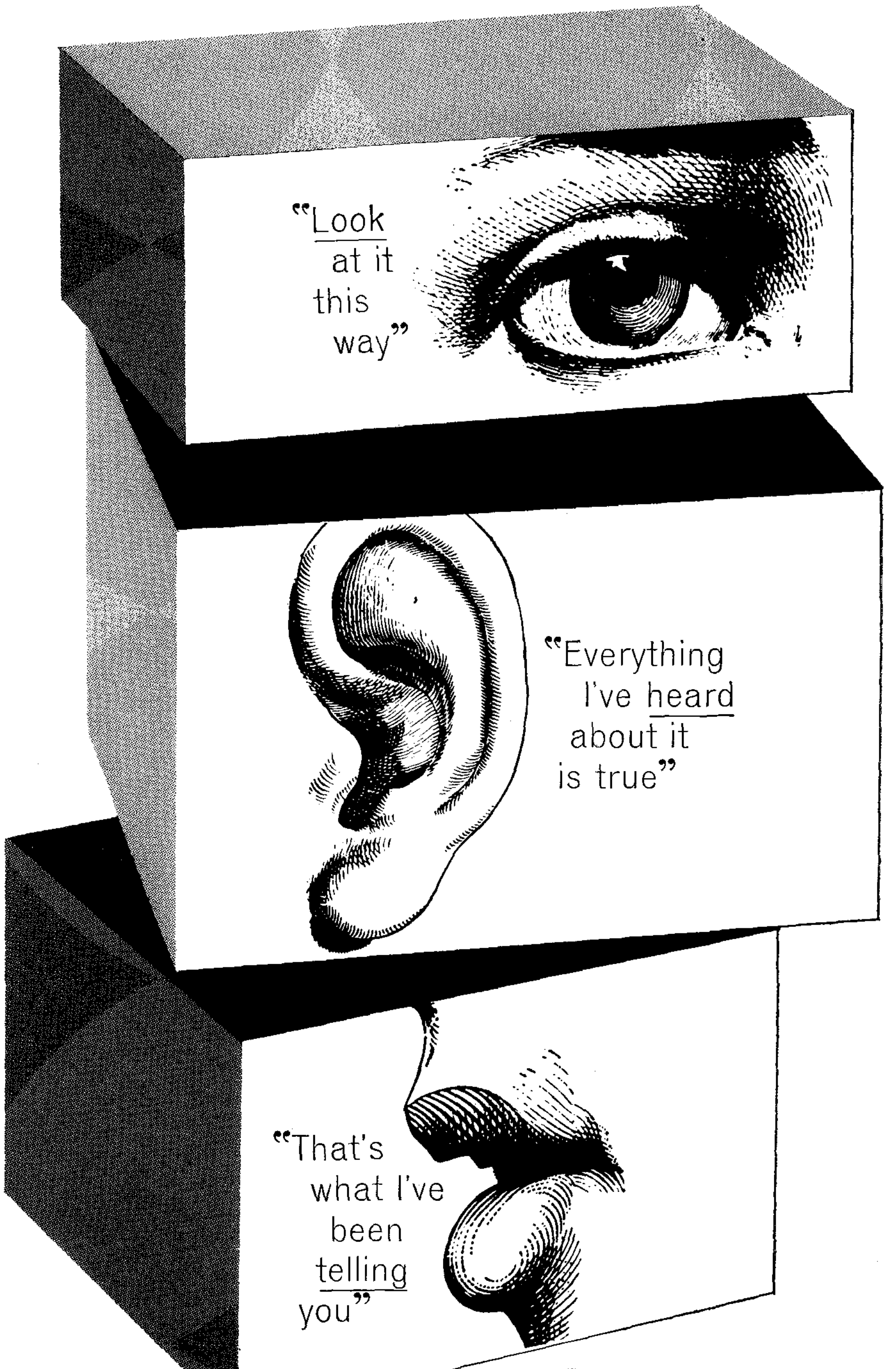
I cannot pretend that this Rousseauan do-it-yourself existence is idyllic; the people in the village of Ricka, where I spent a day, were, alas, rather ugly, and the absence of clothes made them more so. Nowhere else in Africa, except among the pygmies, have I seen women so old before their time or children so potbellied. As against this, the people were a cheerful lot, and the village itself was a delight—superb clay huts, rounded and thatched and perched among granite boulders, with flowering shrubs and immense tropical trees springing up in between. These huts stretched out in a haphazard maze for a mile or more along a narrow valley, and in the dappled shade of the forest paths leading from one group to the next there was always a moving frieze of women with babies slung to their backs and calabashes on their heads. In one clearing, a celebration was going on. A housewife who had begun tilling her field a day or two ahead of the prescribed date had been ordered by the chief to give a party for her neighbors as a punishment. So now she had brewed a great trough of wild-rice beer, and a calabash loving cup was being passed around. The guests, mostly women, drank from it two by two, and presently they got up and danced. They had daubed their faces with red for the occasion and had attached bits of finery to their hips—monkey's tails, feathers, banana leaves, anything that bobbed up and down in time to the beating of the drums.

At this stage of my journey, I was travelling with Bernard Fagg, the Director of Antiquities in Nigeria. One of his preoccupations these days is to preserve the arts of villages like Ricka while there is still time—to secure specimens of the huts before the new concrete shacks take over, to record the drums and the singing before they are obliterated by the new wave of pop music coming from the West. This is a lively problem in Nigeria now. The country's headlong jump into the twentieth century is leaving gaps behind, and the more that Nigerians are educated the more they want to know who they are as a people, where they come from, what culture they had in the past. This is something beyond simple ancestor worship. To understand this matter—this hunger to discover roots—one has to imagine how it would be if we ourselves were told that our past was almost a blank, that there had been no Greek civilization, no Magna Carta, no Declaration of Independence, no art or literature or architecture other than what we had created ourselves. The trouble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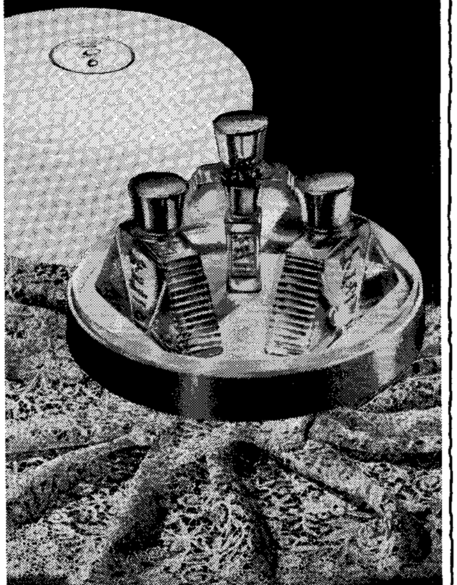

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in Nigeria is that native written records hardly exist. The Yorubas are pretty certain that they did not have their beginnings in West Africa, but no one can tell them precisely where they came from. The Fulanis, with their delicate features, may claim that they migrated here from the Nile Valley, but they have no Old Testament to prove it. Most Nigerian history depends on the accounts left by Arabic and European travellers over the last few centuries, but any detailed inquiry into the past is bound to tumble over a precipice into nothingness. Bernard Fagg's recent discovery of the Nok culture, which is a great deal older than the famous Benin and Ife bronzes and terra cottas found near the coast, proves that the history of African art goes a very long way back. These Nok discoveries are mostly terracotta heads and figurines, of an extraordinary vigor and firmness of line, and they bear little resemblance to other prehistoric relics in central Africa—indeed, they are hardly Negroid at all. One of the best of these heads, now in the Jos Museum, was knocking about as a charm stuck on top of a stake outside a chief's hut for many years. It was passed on to a white tin miner, who used it to scare unwelcome visitors away from his camp, and he was astonished when Fagg happened to see it one day and asked if he could have it. "Of course," the miner said. "Take it if you want it. What's the good of it?" No value can be placed on this delicate and beautiful thing, since Nok terra cottas have never been allowed to come on the market, but it is one of the most precious of all objets d'art in Nigeria now.

At Kaduna, the capital of Northern Nigeria, barely half an hour's flight from Jos, Mr. Speaker, wigged and gowned, walks in procession into the House of Assembly, with his clerks and with his bearer carrying an enormous mace. The mace is placed on its stand, Mr. Speaker bows to the House, the Members bow back, and prayers are read, first in the Hausa language and then in English. The House is now in session, and it goes into committee for the second and third reading of a bill on local government. The Members—the Opposition sitting to the left of the Speaker's throne and the Government to the right—shuffle through their papers, the visitors in the Visitors' Gallery look down from overhead, and ushers in uniform prowl about. It is all perfectly bewildering. Here, three thousand miles from England and barely a hundred from the pagans of Jos, is an exact replica of the House of Commons, except only that the Honourable

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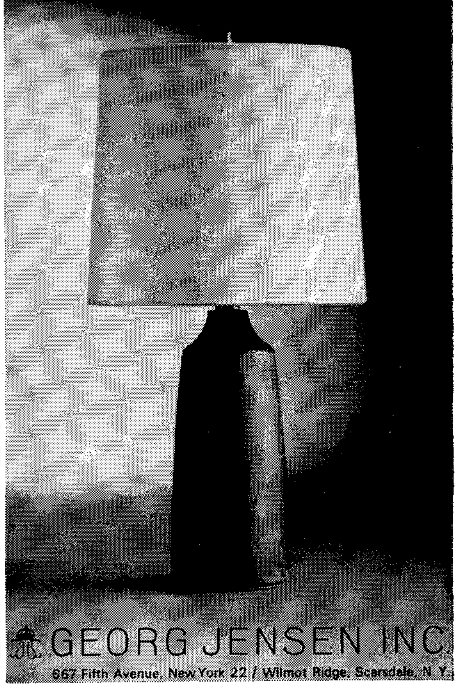

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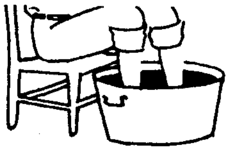

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Members are black and that they are swathed from head to foot in brightly colored gowns and turbans. This is the white heritage in Africa with a vengeance. The Nigerian politicians have apparently taken to the forms of British parliamentary government with a will, and after two years of independence they still have no wish to change them. I say the "forms" of government because, as one listens to the debate, one gradually becomes aware that the House is dominated by one man. Unlike the British Prime Minister, who sits on the front bench, he takes his place three or four rows farther back, and he sits alone. He is a huge, Othello-like figure in immaculate white robes and wearing a turban rather larger than the others. He speaks a perfectly modulated English, and it is apparent from his handsome, smiling face that he is following the discussion closely, almost indulgently. One is not altogether unprepared for the appearance of this man; from the moment of crossing the border into Northern Nigeria, one has seen his colored photograph on the walls of every public building, in the schools and hotels, and in every other shop. He is Sir Ahmadu Bello, the Sardauna of Sokoto, Premier of Northern Nigeria, and potentially, some believe, the most powerful African on the whole continent. The northern region, being much larger and more populous than the rest of Nigeria, dominates—or, at all events, has the greatest influence in—the Federation of Nigeria, and the Sardauna is the acknowledged and unchallenged leader of the north. There are other powerful Moslem leaders in Nigeria (the Emir of Kano, for instance), and the Sardauna is not the spiritual leader of the Fulani and Hausa tribes who populate the north; that distinction belongs to the Sultan of Sokoto, a much-loved figure who lives in the extreme northwestern corner of the country. But the Sardauna is of the royal line, he may well succeed to the Sultanate one day, and meanwhile his political power is such that his name is on everybody's lips. To a purist about democratic forms of government there is something a little alarming in the way this power is being used, despite all the show of democracy in the Kaduna House of Assembly. There are, for example, all those photographs (and I must have seen five thousand of them during a month's travelling); recently, the Northern Nigerian government (which really means the Sardauna) set up the most powerful television-and-radio station in all this part of Africa; and when the Sardauna travels about the country, which he does

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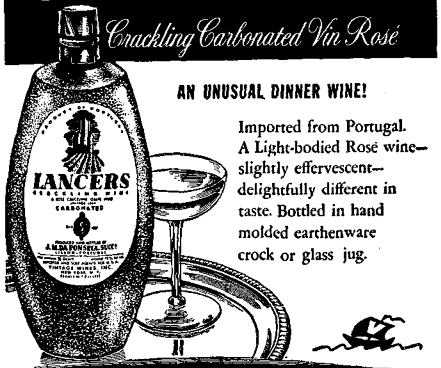

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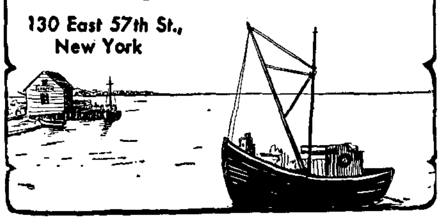

frequently, it is a progress in the grand manner. This is still a world of feudal potentates. When the Premier's green Rolls-Royce emerges from his new residence on the outskirts of Kaduna (he uses a grander establishment for receptions), a swarm of retainers bow to the knee. When he visits his own province of Sokoto, a hundred or more cars filled with local officials are waiting on the border to receive him, and as he passes through the villages he doles out banknotes to the tune of two or even three thousand pounds. In Sokoto itself, every dancer who appears before him at his reception is pretty sure to receive a five-pound note at the end of the performance. Power appears to flow very naturally and easily to the Sardauna. One doubts whether any Minister in his Cabinet could very long survive his disapproval. Under the terms of the new bill I happened to hear debated in the House, each of the northern emirs (who have had a great deal of freedom since the British left) must accept a Resident Minister sent from Kaduna. These new Ministers are being appointed by the Sardauna himself and will report directly to him.

It would be unwise, however, to jump to the conclusion that we have the makings here of one more dictatorship in Africa. After all, the doling out of banknotes and favors is established practice in Islam, and in maintaining his elaborate court the Sardauna is doing no more than his predecessors in the royal line. Up to date, his measures have been moderate. Despite his aristocratic Moslem background, the Sardauna is a very modern man. He never drinks or smokes; he works, they say, a fifteen-hour day; and he is very well aware that there are political leaders in the south, among the Ibos and the Yorubas, who are quite capable of arousing the country against a dictatorship. But then, in Nigeria, as in the nearby Congo and in Ghana, the future of power politics is anybody's guess.

IF you drive north of Kaduna, as I did, you discover that from there on the influence of the white man grows rather less. It was the policy of the British during the sixty years they were in Northern Nigeria to delegate their power to the native rulers, though, naturally, a refractory emir was soon dispossessed or disciplined. The effect of this was to freeze the status quo, to perpetuate a society that was both feudal and intensely Moslem. Slavery was abolished, but the emirs still had powers of life and death over their subjects, and they could spend a part at least of their

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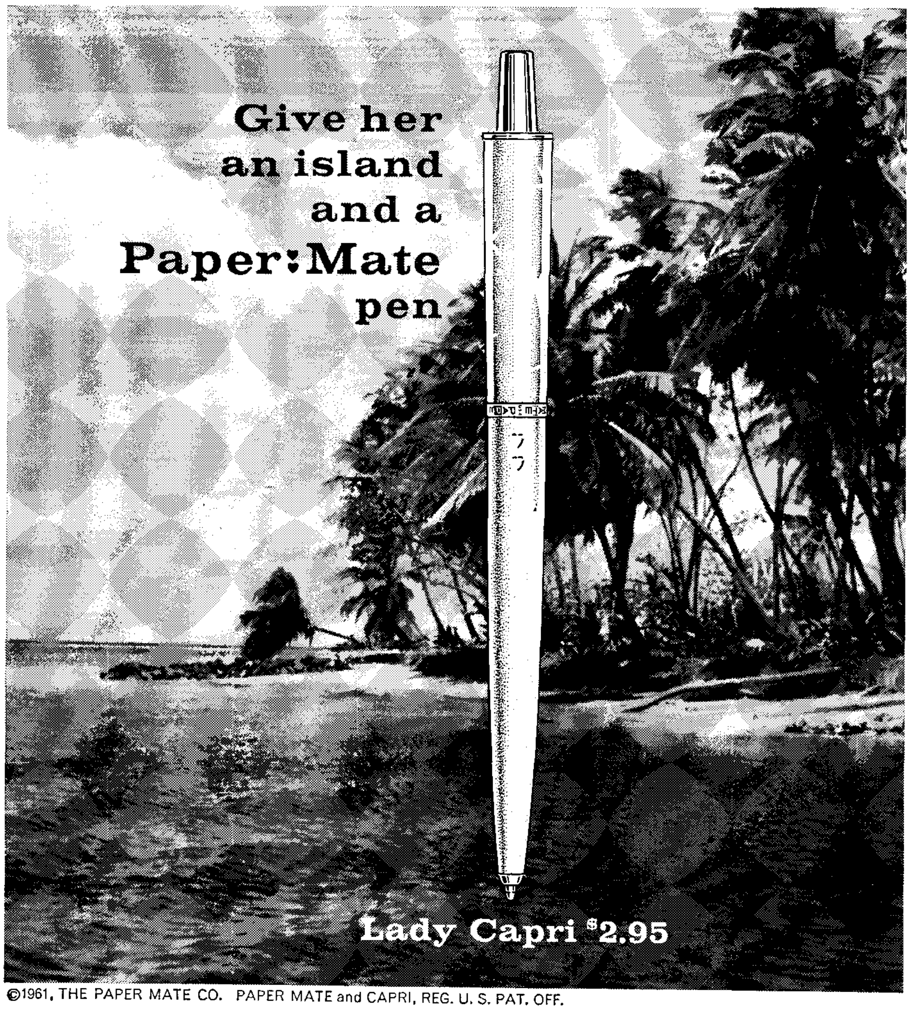
revenues precisely as they wanted—and what they wanted was retinues of retainers, private armies of horsemen got up in medieval chain armor, large harems, and a class of privileged nobles supported by an illiterate peasant population. So things have more or less gone on until the present day, and, compared to the ebullient south, the north is slow-moving, dignified, and stable. The walled towns, like Kano, have almost a Biblical look. Within the walls, which can be as long as twelve miles and as high as forty feet, the Moslem quietude and love of privacy descends; many of the dwellings are in compounds enclosed by hedges of trees and walls of their own. The stranger gets as far as a little reception room attached to the front gate, and no farther. These houses have great beauty, most of them being single- or two-storied squares built of mud and ornamented with abstract designs or texts from the Koran. Their roofs are decked with little pointed spires, and the rooms below are cool and dark—a great blessing in this climate, which is always hot, even when the dusty harmattan blows off the Sahara and a milky whiteness fills the sky. In the north during the dry season, one travels across an immense red, dusty plain dotted with kapok trees and occasional round granite boulders that look like the backs of vast elephants rising out of the ground. Cattle and horsemen appear—and a Fulani horseman, with his flowing robes and his decorated saddle and accoutrements, is a fine sight—the goats multiply (those little red goats from whose skins morocco leather is made), and, finally, there is a whiff of the desert ahead in the first sight of the camel caravans.

The markets in the northern province are much less grand than the one at Onitsha, but they have a more African flavor, and they tend to be held in the shade of the neame trees, in the open air. On the day I arrived at Sokoto, five hundred camels had come in, and now the stalls, set up in lines on the sand, were displaying all the products of the north: salt in great white chunks (here rated the most valuable of goods); sugar in brown, saucer-shaped cakes and in white sticks; raw cotton and peanuts; cloves and red peppers; tobacco and tobacco flowers; onions and tomatoes; straw mats and carrying baskets for donkeys and camels; leather sandals and saddles; snakeskins and blue cotton cloth; and the usual juju charms. No one shouted, no one solicited the visitor to buy. The camels and donkeys stood mooning in the sun. In the neame trees, the vultures perched silently, waiting for



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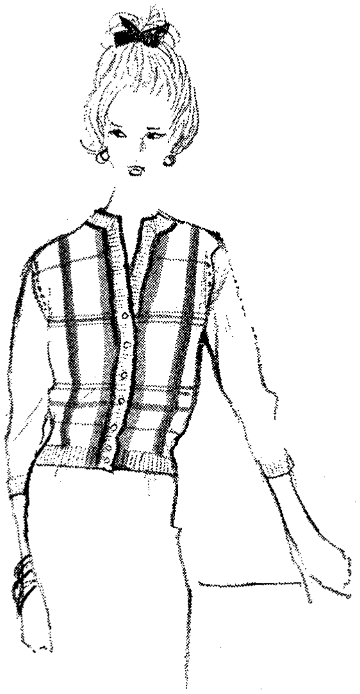

Bernhard Altmann

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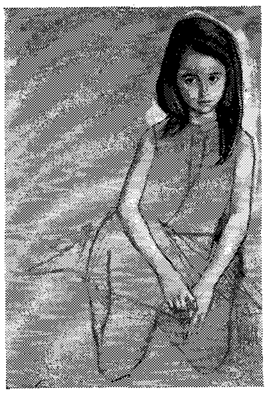

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the market to break up at the end of the day, when they would descend and feed on the offal left behind.

The wildlife of Africa has survived here in the north rather better than it has in the south. Leopards, and even lions, are still occasionally seen in the scrub, and some of the birds—the hornbills, the white egrets, the Senegal parakeets, and the gray parrots with pink tail feathers—are very pretty to watch. Little lizards, a foot long and brilliantly colored, scamper everywhere; you see them scuttling around your bedroom, sunning themselves on the walls, jumping up and snapping at insects—lizards by the million. ("When we stop seeing lizards," one of my hostesses said, "we know that something is wrong.") Once I caught sight of a small red monkey in a tree, but he, poor fellow, cannot be long for this world. Red monkeys are very valuable now. One of the men I met was a chemist who was buying them up by the thousand, at a cost of two or three pounds each, and flying them to England. In England, about ten per cent of the monkeys were killed, he said, and their kidneys were used in the making of polio vaccine; the remainder were kept alive in cages and injected with the disease for testing purposes. This chemist was a pleasant man and not unkindly, but his attitude toward monkeys was something like that of the eighteenth-century slave traders toward their slaves: the civilized world needed them, and so they had to go.

IN the end, one perceives that this attitude really dominates the scene in Nigeria—and, for that matter, all the central African states—and the Africans themselves are conniving in it. Whether or not they like it, they are going West, out of Africa. "Out of Africa"—how well one recalls that phrase, which Isak Dinesen used as the title of one of her best and earliest books. Everything that can be extracted from the country—palm oil, petroleum, tin, cocoa, peanuts, and monkeys—is being shipped to the markets of the West, and, in return, Nigeria is being paid in a spate of Western books and TV stations, in concrete shacks and Western clothes, in Western *expertise* on Western things. Even the English language, the lingua franca of the country, is alien. Without belittling what the white man has done and is doing for Africa—and the Africans need polio vaccine just as much as anybody else—there must be some regrets about this. What is happening now is not just the "civilizing" of Africa; it is also a process of rejecting Africa by implanting there an entirely different

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sort of civilization. The good is being swept away with the bad. The rich Nigerian now finds it absolutely necessary to have a large imported car and a TV set, air-conditioning in his bedroom, and whiskey to offer his guests. He once did very well without any of these things, but now, having once possessed them—almost, you might say, having become a slave to them—he can see precious little virtue in the grass hut and the tribal drums. All that belongs to the dreadful primitive past. He wants plastic instead of wickerwork, and lotteries, telephones, and Western shops instead of the slow bargaining in the village square, and he doesn't care, I think, that the old family life and its scheme of natural, African morals is being broken up.

Outside the universities and the activities of men like Fagg, who want to preserve what little they can of the best of Africa, the only brake on the Westernization of the country that I could discover is the Moslem religion. It is still very strong. If a man swears upon the Koran, his word is accepted, and it is surprising to see how, in the remotest villages, at dawn, at midday, and again in the evening, the men will turn in an abstraction of worship toward Mecca, thousands of miles away across the other side of Africa. A pilgrimage to Mecca is still the most important act of their lives. But even here the West has penetrated. They no longer make that terrible journey on camels across the Sahara. They fly there in a Western plane chartered from a Western airline.

—ALAN MOOREHEAD

•

Drysdale used to be one of the most boring pitchers in the business, when he should have been one of the most exciting because of his blazing fast ball thrown sidearm. He was a 3-and-2 pitcher, constantly running to full counts and becoming involved in three-hour games. But when he beat the Cubs last Friday for his 20th victory—his 10th in a row—he ran his string of walkless innings to 46⅓. This is more than five innings without a base on balls, it says on our giant electric computer.—*Washington (D.C.) Evening Star.*

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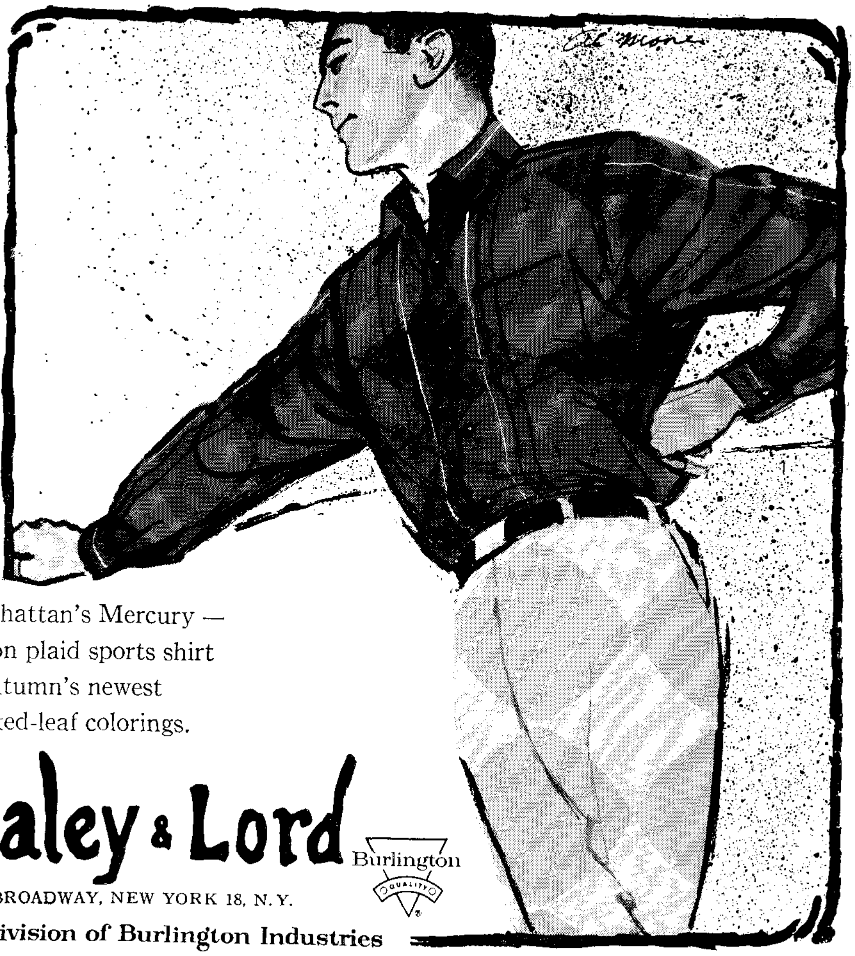

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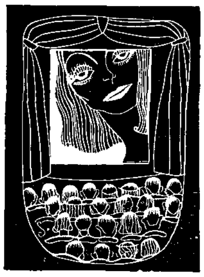
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Quicksilver

A CHANCE to appreciate true style—that silent, graceful collision of high technique, taste, and originality—is offered by "The Girl with the Golden Eyes," a brilliant French picture that recalls, in these monochromic days, the less extravagant pirouettes of Jean Cocteau and the other Surrealists. The film is primarily the work of its director, Jean-Gabriel Albicocco, who is only in his mid-twenties, and his father, Quinto, who did the photography. The most remarkable thing about the Albicoccos' collaboration is the way they sustain a quick, sardonic pace. Everything bows before this not quite hysterical approach. The actors and actresses are made to behave like quicksilver rather than human beings, and they are no more important than the masterly interiors and exteriors they appear against. The continuity is purposely abrupt; scene after scene is suddenly cut, creating the peculiar impression that the end of the old scene and the start of the new one are being shown simultaneously. The sounds—geese at dawn, sports cars, heavy rain, a sliding door—are equally syncopated. The story itself, an adaptation from Balzac, is merely a sluice for this rush of visual and aural images. It has to do with a posturing, lecherous Paris photographer (Paul Guers) who falls disastrously in love with a serene girl (Marie Laforêt), only to find that she loves and is beloved by the photographer's old friend Eleonore (Françoise Prevost). We understand the story even though at first it is almost hurled onto the screen, and then we find that what matters is not its meaning but its ironic, slightly overripe flavor. We are meant to taste, not think. In the end, this flavor comes chiefly from the elder Albicocco's photography. (The largely decorative cast cannot be faulted, either.) Done in a stunning, clean black-and-white, it avoids both the glassy neon quality of Hollywood and the grainy self-consciousness of the Italians. It makes realism (veined, black-boled trees against a winter sky) poetic, and it makes poetry (a softly lit gossamer lace canopy) realistic. It respects our imaginations and enchants our eyes.



"VIOLIN AND ROLLER," a fifty-five-minute Russian film set in Moscow, has a stolid, artless, open-faced manner that is shaped not as much by conscious style as by the accidental style of intelligent unpretentiousness. A seven-year-old boy on his way to a violin lesson is rescued from a gang of bullies by the driver of a steam roller. After his lesson, the driver gives him a ride on the roller and then lets him run it. They eat lunch together, the boy plays his violin for the driver, and they plan to see a movie that evening. But the boy's mother keeps the boy in, and the driver goes without him. All this is handled with a complete lack of mawkishness. The mutual respect of the boy and the driver rings true, and so do the easy, inquiring camera work and such effects as the mixing of thunder with the sounds of a wrecker's iron ball. Though the art-versus-the-machine motif is a little cumbersome, it is compensated for by the performances of Igor Fomchenko as the boy and Viktor Zamansky as the driver. Alexi Tartovsky, the director, is another prodigy in his mid-twenties.

"THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF THE BROTHERS GRIMM" is a nightmare. Not only is it a third-rate Hollywood musical—it deals with the humdrum lives of Wilhelm and Jacob Grimm, and, along the way, retells three of their fairy tales—but it is done in Cinerama, a faulty tri-panelled, semi-circular-screen technique that inflates the principals (Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom, Walter Slezak, Terry-Thomas, Oscar Homolka, and Karl Boehm) to Mount Rushmore proportions. Fortunately, they are not three-dimensional.

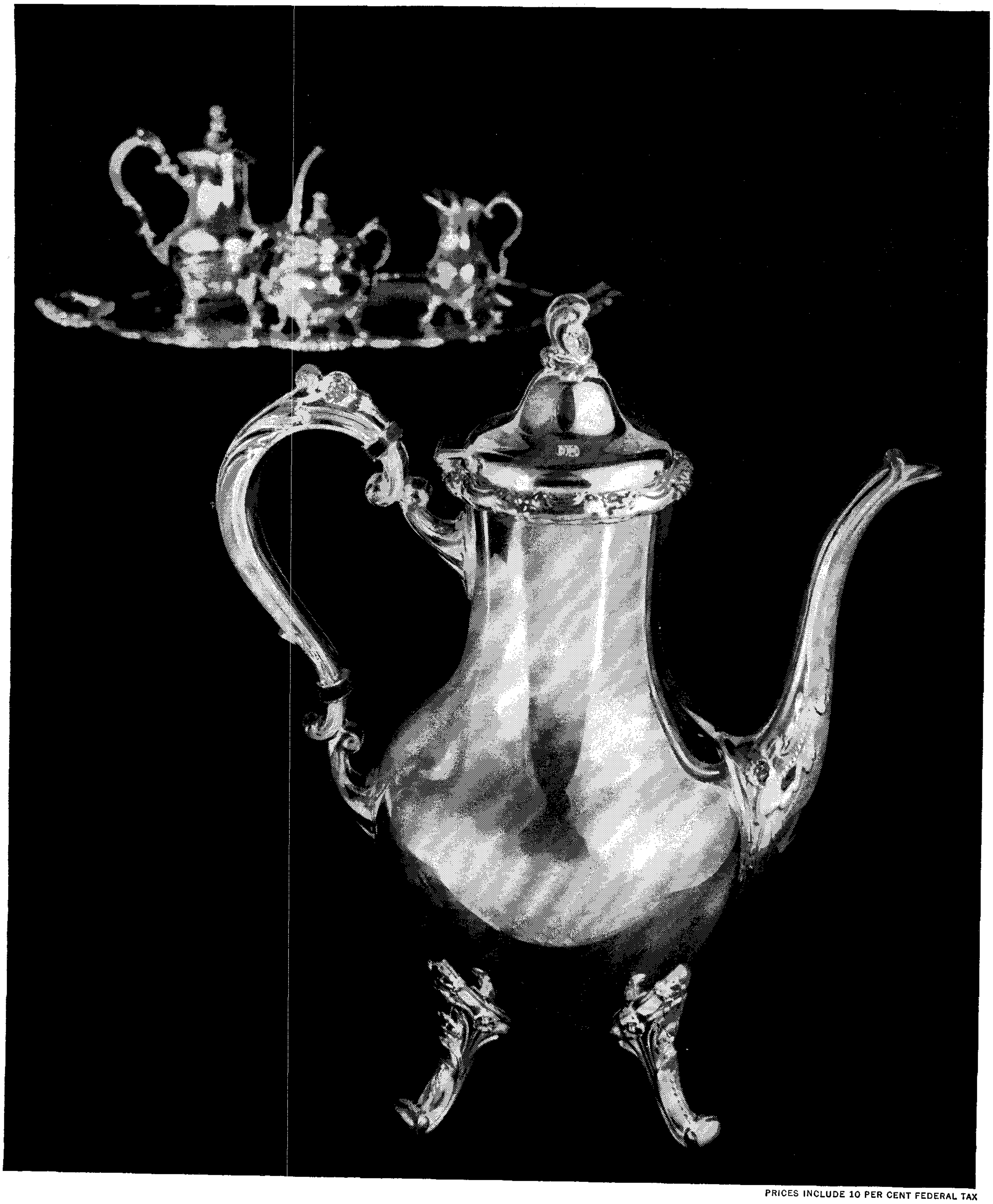
—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

Q. *My wife and I go to a certain restaurant quite frequently for dinner. I have come to know the headwaiter, who is a very friendly person, quite well. The other evening I greeted him as follows: "Hello, John, how are you this evening?" My wife criticized me for this and said that it was in very bad taste to greet a waiter in this way. Will you please give me your opinion?*

A. *It would have been in much better taste to have greeted the headwaiter with "Good evening, John" instead of "Hello, John."*—*Emily Post column in the Mirror.*

The way to greet a headwaiter is with a blank stare and a tightly folded bill. He will respond by pretending not to read the numerals on the bill. The amenities are then over.



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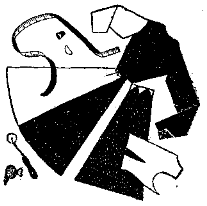
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

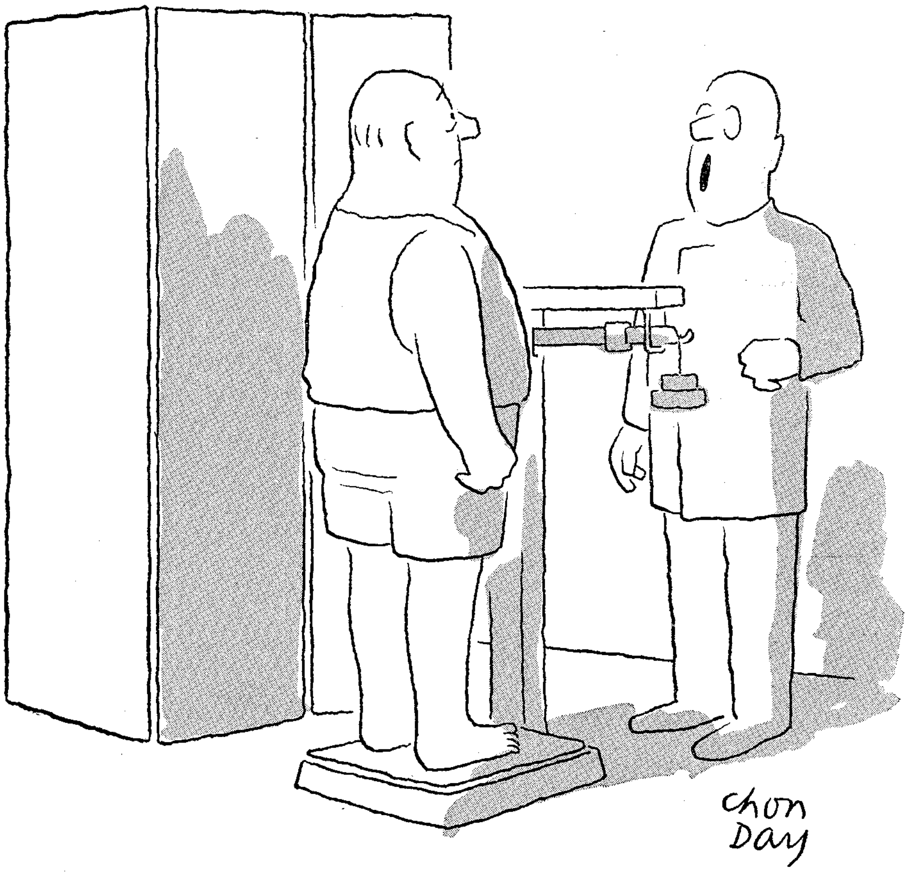
FEMININE FASHIONS



HOME is the huntress, home from sea, and the huntress home from the hills, not to mention the Alps, the Costa Brava, and the summer theatre, and it's no trouble to guess what the problem is—these young ladies have nothing, absolutely nothing, to wear to school. It is situations like this that delight American enterprise, and to meet this particular situation American enterprise has given rise to what we call college shops. One of them is at Lord & Taylor, and in it is a bunch of what could easily be car coats, lined with curly white or beige fake lamb, to bundle up in. Some are single-breasted fingertip-length deals of gold sailcloth, and they fasten down the left side with vast, taupe wooden buttons. These amount to $35, which is a fair sample of the prices here. Taupe corduroy makes the standing collars and faces the slit pockets. Double-breasted coats of the same length are done in cream corduroy, and the collars, which are shawl in this case, are of natural lynx. Fox that has been dyed black borders the hoods (attached) and the cuffs of parkas, or what are practically parkas, that are festive enough to be worn (with discretion, that is, considering that they're made of green sailcloth) out on the town. More of that fake curly lamb (beige, now) faces the world in a three-quarter double-breasted coat with an immense turnover collar and three rows of horizontal stitching around the splits in the hem. Its frivolous and summery lining is white cotton with strips of little yellow rosebuds and green leaves. L. & T.'s idea of the poncho buttons down the front and at the sides to create below-elbow sleeves. It's reversible—horse-blanket plaid (wool in gold, plus touches of red, green, black, and orange) with slit pockets and black bone buttons on one side, sedate black cotton poplin with patch pockets and brass buttons on the other.

BONWIT TELLER can keep one—if not one's powder—dry. The fifth-floor Misses Sportswear Department (it's one of many here) is showing single-breasted coats of reversed natural pigskin that looks just like suède and that sheds water just like a duck—wide turnover collars, yokes, belts in back, and two patch pockets in front. The coats are $110 when they're seven-eighths length and $160 when they reach the hem of an average skirt or dress. The Miss Bonwit Department, on the eighth floor, is loaded with raincoats, such as one of black cotton poplin lined with—yes—tons of long white orlon monkey fur. This trifle is $80, but it can double as an evening wrap. Sweden has sent along two other coats. The first is a double-breasted three-quarter-length one that's rather like a trench coat. It's of curry cotton, with a loose belt at the hips, and the detachable lining is of gold wool with curry stripes. The second raincoat (sort of monk's-robe, with a matching rope sash), involves double layers of cotton poplin—Java brown or black on the outside and beige inside, or beige on both sides. These are $60 and $40, respectively. For fair days there are coats of Shetland wool, but from West Germany, that look a bit like pared-down double-breasted polo coats. Solid red, solid camel, or a combination of charcoal and camel herringbone. These come to $120.

THE slickers of red plastic, lined with still more of that curly pseudo lamb (white, this time), are likely to catch the eye of anyone who wanders past the College Shop at Saks Fifth Avenue. The matching babushkas are lined on the underside with the black cotton suède that faces the collars of the coats. Thirty dollars takes all. Rain boots, also of the plastic, and over two feet tall, are lined with black pile. Topcoats of wool in a blue, green, and black hound's-tooth check have notched collars, a small chest pocket, and two flap hip pockets. The theory is that they will repel water. Their linings and their triangular scarves (to knot around the head or the throat) are of wine-red wool-and-nylon that bears a blue-and-dull-gold foulard pattern; $30 all told. For bicycling, golf, or other feats of daring, there are knickerbockers of Loden-green wool. They fasten below the knees with approximations of coins, and they're teamed with pullover sweaters of a bulky oatmeal wool-and-nylon knit. Metal buttons and chains gird the round necks, which are edged by olive and red ribbing. The flavor is Alpine, all right. Shift-jumper dresses of melton cloth in a color christened breen (it's between brown and green) have long curved pockets below the broad, low-slung matching belts. And there are suits of navy chinchilla cloth—skirts at-



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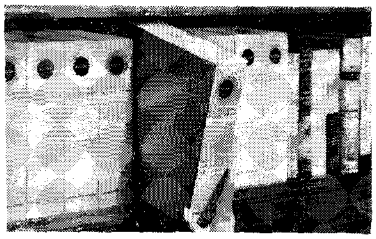

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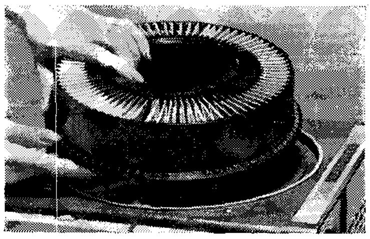

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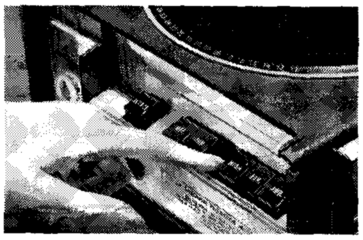

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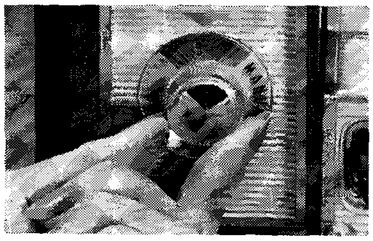

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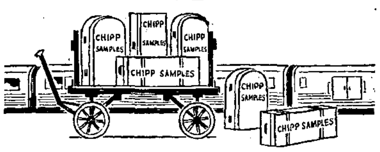

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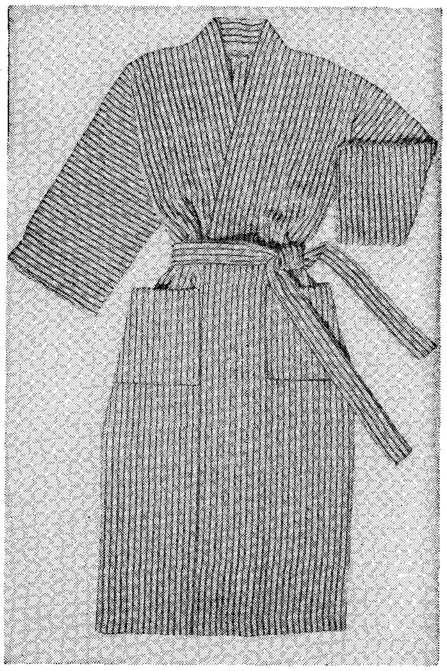
tached to long-sleeved bodices of white wool jersey, over which go pea jackets. Without the jackets, these would do for tea dancing. Some flamboyant long-sleeved, high-necked sheaths, plainly intended for life between cocktails and dinner, are of beige sheer wool on which is printed one of the largest Paisley patterns ever, in red, Shocking pink, gold, and white.

ALTMAN'S college domain has invested in a number of what people refuse to stop calling "date outfits." One is an ensemble of clipped white wool-and-mohair in a giant cinnamon-and-gray plaid that would give a tortoise-shell cat delusions of grandeur. Its bulky skirt has slit pockets at stomach level, and a vast bias stole dips in a point way below the waist in back. The stole is lined with the cinnamon wool jersey of the long-sleeved stovepipe-neck blouse that completes the works. The skirt and stole are a package, at $50; the blouse is $12. In the special-occasions category are suits of dark-brown chinchilla cloth, with waist-length collarless cutaway jackets and pretty little sleeveless blouses (pink linen) that have turnover collars; $65 all in all. Fuzzy coat dresses, without sleeves, come in mohair on which appears a heavenly big plaid in grass green and periwinkle blue; string belts of periwinkle-blue wool jersey encircle the elasticized waists. From Scotland there are fisherman's slickers of olive oilskin; $18. The patch pockets, which are pleated through the middle, can be stuffed with plenty of gear, for they are ten inches high and eight inches wide. And there's no getting away from the separates here—skirts and blouses and tops of navy or striped navy-and-red wool jersey; jumper dresses of navy wool jersey; navy mohair-and-wool thigh-length hooded sweaters practically the size of tents.

THE three-quarter pea jacket in Best's fourth-floor Sports Department is a working model; it's of navy quilted vinyl that sheds rain. With it goes a skirt of green melton cloth and a collarless long-sleeved shirt of white cotton on which clusters of blue roses and olive leaves are printed. Neat. The jacket is $30, the skirt is $15, and the $13 for the blouse includes a babushka of the print; sizes are 8 to 16. The Teen Department, on the seventh floor (junior sizes 5 to 15), has plenty of navy wool denim, which is stitched in red and looks just like cotton denim. It's employed for frontier pants, Bermuda shorts, straight skirts, wraparound

MEN'S TERRY KIMONO



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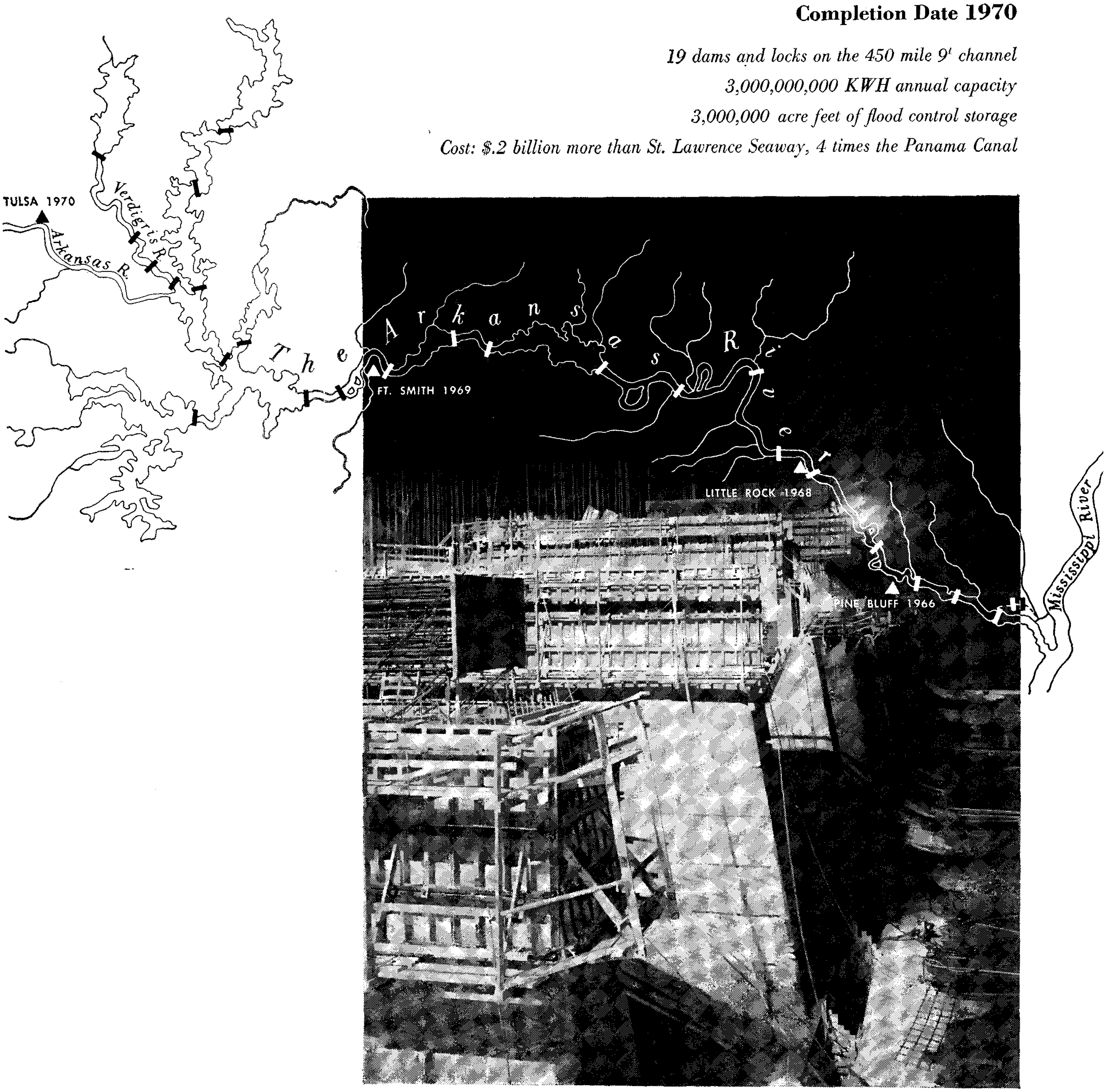
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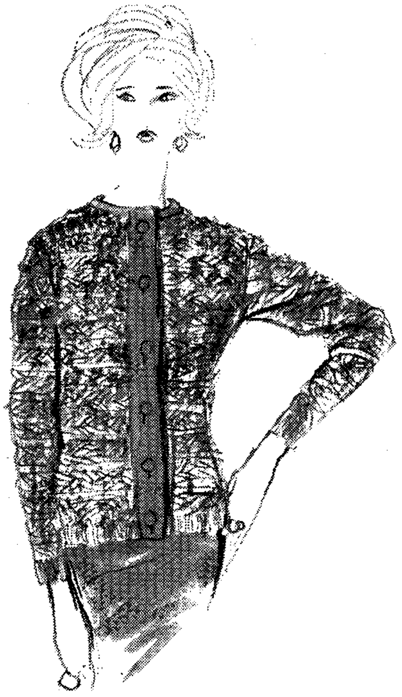

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skirts, jumper dresses, middy blouses with red lacings and detachable hoods, and brief collarless jackets lined with red-and-white checked cotton. The cotton is also used for companion shirts. The Young Cosmopolitan Shop, on the same floor, offers Underliners, which are what you might guess they are—T shirts and Bermuda shorts to wear as underclothes; they'll do, too, as outer separates. Cotton knit in a variety of colors is the material. Suspenders for hip skirts or trousers appear in Paisley cotton, plaid cotton, necktie-print silk, gold suède, and black felt, though not all at once. They're in Accessories, on the main floor.

YOUNG ELEGANTE, which is a part of the De Pinna household, can supply calfskin jumper dresses with double rows of seaming at the low waist; $55, and in black, yellow, Bristol blue, or raspberry.

MACY, always one to do things by twos, has college stuff sprawled over a couple of floors. The Little Shop, on the second floor, is an example of this prodigality. The cowboy trousers of gray suède are for girls with an eye on a Hollywood career, not to mention a large allowance to take care of the inescapable smudges. With them go Western shirts of cotton oxford cloth the hue of chamois (these are in Active Sportswear, on the third floor). It's $49.98 for the trousers, $6.98 for the shirts, and a kingdom for the horse. Macy's matchmakers have also mated hip-riding skirts of brown velveteen with Western shirts of pale-blue silk broadcloth or city-slicker collarless jackets of orange velveteen on which three little patch pockets are visible. Sizes in the Little Shop run from 8 to 16. The third-floor Junior Sportswear sticks to junior sizes from 5 to 15. Jerkins that are gray-green suède in front are brown-and-white herringbone wool in back, to match the accompanying tapered trousers, which fasten at the sides of the waist. Long-torsoed jumper dresses of camel-colored wool are provided with skirts that descend no further than the top of the knees. Pleats down the back of the bodice impart the look of Norfolk jackets. Oh, I forgot to say that Women's Robes, on the second floor, has tailored short robes of plaid blanket wool with side pockets, which must be intended for night-time cramming before exams; the short nightgowns (now we're in Sleepwear, but on the same floor) of aquamarine calico must be intended for the pioneer woman

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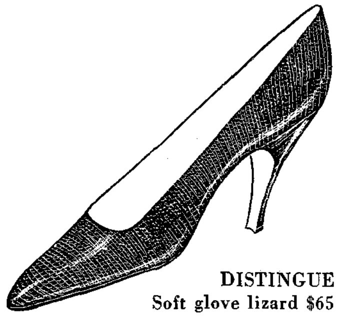

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VODKA COLLINS*—fresh lemon juice, 1½ ozs. Gilbey's Vodka, teaspoon of powdered sugar if desired sweet. Shake vigorously with cracked ice. Strain into tall, chilled glass. Fill with club soda. Garnish with lemon slice and cherry.*

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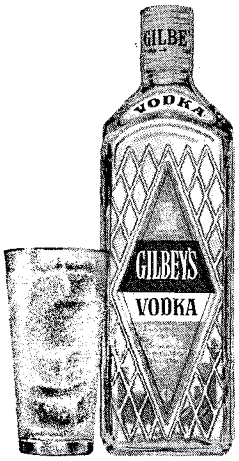
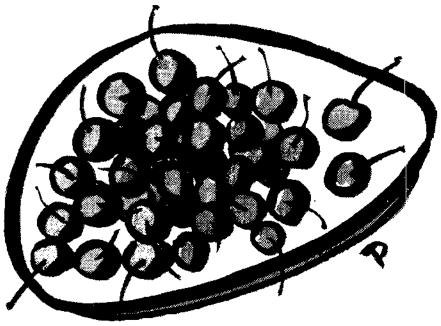


latent in all of us, what with the hoods, which have an ample supply of ruffles of white eyelet-embroidered cotton.

THE Miss Bergdorf floor at Bergdorf Goodman is full of separates. Navy wool jersey is the making of cardigan jackets; of collarless blouses (with long sleeves) that are piped at the throat with brown leather; of high-necked, long-sleeved blouses with dog collars of brown leather; and of little-girl smock dresses with string belts of the leather. Wool plaid in which brown, navy, and glints of white commingle is the making of shift dresses with high bateau necks at the top and sashes of the leather at the waist, as well as of both flared and box-pleated skirts, likewise with belts of the same leather. (Bergdorf must have run out of belts before it got around to the unbelted tapered slacks, which are of the plaid.) Navy or cognac velveteen does not only shirtwaist dresses that can be worn like a coat but shirts that can double as jackets, and the box jackets of brown suède with medium round necks and loose elbow-length sleeves could double as overblouses. The box jackets are $40, the top price. Limited editions not to be overlooked are the trilogies made up of (a) wool skirts in a hound's-tooth check (black and pale blue) with inverted pleats in front, and (b) black wool knit cardigans whose pale-blue silk broadcloth linings match the substance of (c) shirts with Peter Pan collars. Among the duets for dates—there we go again!—are skirts of black tweed flecked in white (these flip out at the hem) and tailored blouses of white rayon matelassé on which occasional chrysanthemums show up.

THE College Shops at Bloomingdale have everything—almost. Greatcoats of fictitious shaggy brown-and-gray mongrel-dog fur fastening with brown wooden saucers (empty, luckily) are this year's equivalent of the coonskin coat; $49.95. Hooded ponchos with self fringe down the sides are of brushed wool in broad diagonal stripes of rust, brown, camel, and olive;



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NEAT TRI-STRIPE ENGLISH POPLIN. Olive and Gray on White. $11.50

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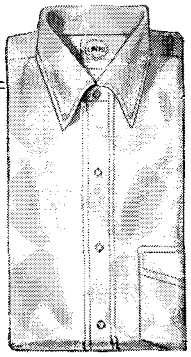
Mail Orders Filled. State collar and sleeve size, add 75c mailing cost. Send for Brochure of other models.



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Netherland-Hilton Hotel
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Kansas City
Muehlebach Hotel
September 6th & 7th

St. Louis
Bel Air Motel
September 14th & 15th

Syracuse
Syracuse Hotel
September 4th & 5th

Toledo
Commodore Perry Hotel
September 10th & 11th

Tulsa
Mayo Hotel
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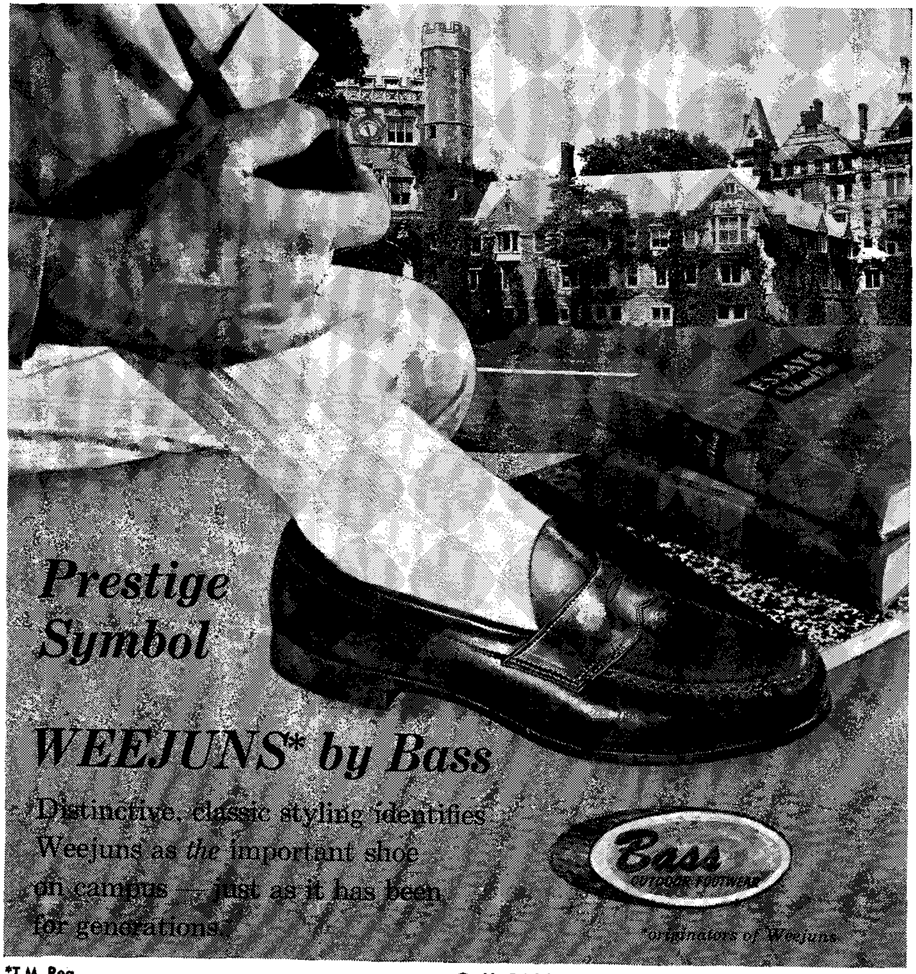
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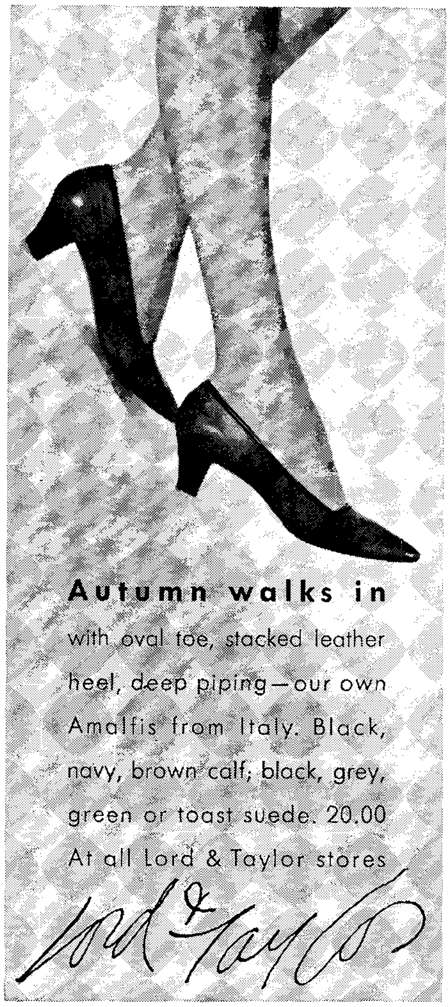

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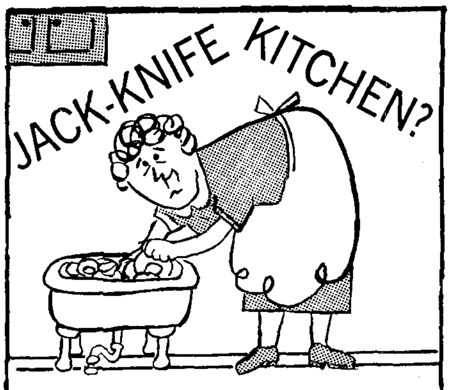

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$19.95. Brushed wool in a pattern of huge diamonds and blocks (orange, rust, green, blue, gold, and off-white) makes bulky hip-length ponchos from West Germany, with self fringe at the hem. Three-piece ensembles for weekend trips or a binge in town (well, anyway, lunch and a matinée) begin with reefers of olive wool and overcollars of chamois-colored suède, proceed to sleeveless overblouses of the suède, and end with skirts of olive wool that fasten at each side of the waist with short zippers in the French tradition; $139.95. Suits with double-breasted semifitted jackets whose broad turnover collars are of natural Australian opossum show up in wool in a dark-gray diagonal weave flecked with white reindeer hair. Red-and-black wool plaid is the prescription for tapered trousers with knee patches of black suède and for lumberjackets with elbow patches of the same suède. Workman's jackets and trousers are done in denim-blue stretch-wool gabardine outlined with white stitching. The butterfly who emerges from this practical chrysalis at nightfall might make straight for the princesse dresses of red wool knit. Their welt seaming is released into box pleats at the front and back of the hem. Part of the entourage is triangular scarves of chocolate-brown suède piped with red wool. Bouffant cocktail-dance dresses, for non-shrinking violets, burst forth in spongy black wool ornamented by magenta poppies (or maybe they're roses and mauve carnations, or maybe they're bachelor's-buttons). The pattern suggests a Spanish shawl. Out-and-out eventide is represented by full-length sleeveless coachman coat dresses of green soft wool in a linen weave. They button with a double row of metal domes. Tubes of mohair-and-wool in mammoth black and beige checks are piped at the high throats with black leather. The black shoestring sashes tie in big loopy bows and ends. All of these are $45. Two-piece outfits comprise scoop-neck bodices of gold velveteen that tuck inside long, slender skirts of wool challis with a peacock-feather print. The colors are red, fuchsia, and gold.

BENDEL's Young Timers is full of other elaborate equipment for the midwinter holidays. (Slim women of post-college years might also take note.) Apple-green rayon cloqué in a floral pattern is the basis of twosomes made up of straight collarless coats that snap beneath elongated double bows at the throat and princesse sheaths suspended from string shoulder straps.

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GLEN RAVEN PANTI-LEGS®!
These comfortable panti-stockings of ENKA nylon will keep you free as a breeze from waist to toes right through the year. Seamless or full-fashioned, about $3.00 at
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Order tickets now for "Put It In Writing", musical revue at The Happy Medium, 901 Rush, Chicago

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The dresses are $45, the coats are $125. Rajah coats of turquoise-and-gold metallic rayon brocade are filled in at the neck with narrow scarves of beige chiffon. The chiffon also makes the whirlybird dresses beneath them. All this is $110 complete. Sheaths of strawberry-pink brocade look just like jackets and skirts because they are stitched and appliquéd to suggest turnover collars, front closings, and jacket hems. Dresses in ribbed silk the color of Pernod have necks that are round in front but are cut square behind. Bushels of frothy petalled silk ruching surround the hems. Two fat roses flourish at the Empire waists of frocks done in white antique satin. One rose is white, the other is Bristol blue, which relates to the hue of the satin stoles, almost as voluminous as cloaks, that are included in the price, $90. The personification of perfection: Long, demure dresses of ivory satin with high round necks and short sleeves wind up in a broad band of ranch-mink dyed fitch that looks and feels like the real article; $145. To top all this finery there are long adaptations of coachman coats of red wool twill at $125. —M. M.

•

WHITE DWARF

Discovery of the smallest known star in the universe was announced today by Dr. William J. Luyten, chairman of the Astronomy Department of the University of Minnesota. . . . The star is about one half the diameter of the moon.—*The Times.*

Welcome, welcome, little star!
I'm delighted that you are
Up in Heaven's vast extent,
No bigger than a continent.

Relatively minuscule,
Spinning like a penny spool,
Glinting like a polished spoon,
A kind of kindled demi-moon,

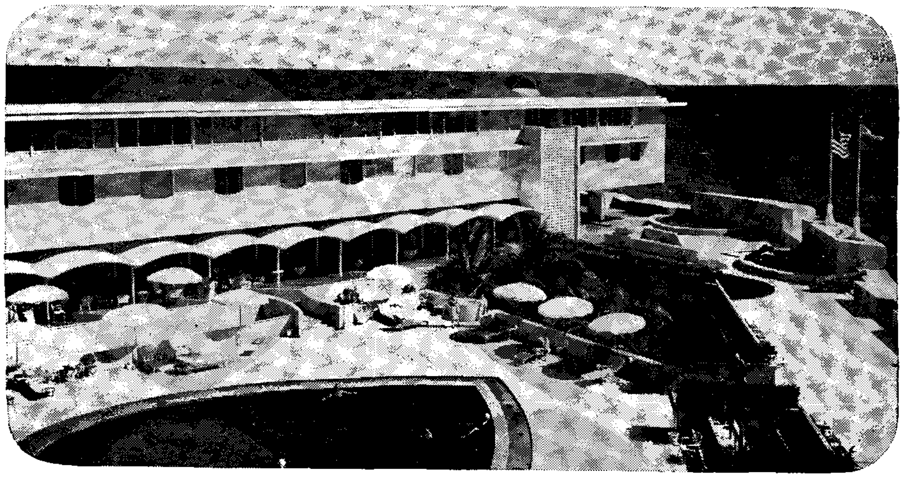
You offer cheer to tiny Man
'Mid galaxies Gargantuan—
A little pill in endless night,
An antidote to cosmic fright.

—JOHN UPDIKE

•

LONDON (NANA)—The good news is that Cary Grant has signed to play Professor Higgins in the movie version of "My Fair Lady." But this will be a blow for Tex Harrison and Richard Burton, each of whom, especially Tex, wanted the role.—*Sheilah Graham in the Edmonton (Alberta) Journal.*

After all those Westerns, he needs a change.



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Anne Fogarty
picks
VELVET BY CROMPTON
just for the fun of it!

A fit-for-a-princess line, high at the collar, wide at the skirt, handsome to the last detail of wrist-hugging sleeves. Sylmer® finished for spot and water repellency. Black only. 4 to 14. About $55. Crompton-Richmond Company-Inc., 1071 Avenue of the Americas, New York 18.

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Ah!
AUSTIN-HILL

We've given 'em the red lining treatment! Red flannel lined slacks of 65% Dacron polyester, 35% cotton . . . fully lined in the reddest red flannel that ever there was. A happy harmony of genius and AH tailoring in natural and olive shades. Good news gals—they're in your size, also. At finer shops, or write Austin Hill, Baltimore 2, Md., or 1407 Broadway, New York, for one nearest you.

"WHAT SONG . . ."

THEY came from the road back of the dunes, where the visiting cars park, and settled themselves near me on the beach, spreading an array of beach bags, towels, lunch baskets, and cameras in a protective ring. There were five of them—three young women and two young men—and it was clear that none of them was underprivileged. I could almost see the train of nurses, pediatricians, dentists, specialists, and instructors that had contributed to their aura of perfect health and almost perfect self-confidence. Groton, Choate, Chapin, and Miss Hewitt's Classes came into the picture, too, I thought, along with Princeton, Harvard, Bryn Mawr, and Smith. The young women might have been cut from a single long-legged, slim-waisted, small-breasted pattern, and they were tanned with the even translucence that comes only when the flesh is very smooth and very young. The young men differed rather more. One was blond and pink and rather plump; the other was slender and dark, and when he moved it was with the boneless grace of a swimming seal. They were all about of an age—seventeen to nineteen, I guessed. The girls chattered as they settled themselves in the sun, scattering much the same phrases with much the same light insincerity. They had a few favorite words—"fantastic," "terrific." And they had a way of saying "Oh, great" when they meant the opposite.

"Oh, well," I said to myself, "you've got a few overworked words of your own." I decided to get on with the magazine I was reading and stop listening to other people's conversations, but the wind carried their voices to me and, short of uprooting my beach umbrella and moving farther away, I couldn't help myself, so it was not long before I knew that the pink male was George and the dark one Arthur. Two of the girls remained unidentified, but the third was Elaine.

She was possibly the oldest of the three, and she had a sleeker look. Her white satin bathing suit had more sophistication than the others, so it was with a slight shock that, when she took off a matching head scarf, I saw that her hair was rolled up in a nest of brightly glinting metal curlers. In a way, it was oddly becoming, so I wasn't surprised when George, the pink male, sat up cross-legged and beamed at her. "Hi, beautiful," he said, and the two other girls exchanged glances.

Elaine ran her fingers over her curlers. "Oh, I'm not beautiful *now*," she said, "but I will be tonight." She seemed to be answering George, but her eyes stayed on Arthur, who showed no reaction at all, except, perhaps, an inclination to yawn.

"Well, I think you look mighty cute," said George. "Like you had on a helmet or something."

"Thank you," said Elaine, still looking at Arthur.

"Gosh," said one of the other girls, whose eyes had picked up some of the green of her cotton suit. "I certainly admire you, Elaine. If I went out with my hair in curlers, my mother would slay me." She colored. She had said a very young thing, and Elaine's indulgent smile acknowledged it.

"But I couldn't *help* it, darling," said Elaine. "My hair was filthy. I *had* to wash it. It was filthy." I don't know how she made the word sound provocative, but she did. "And then," she went on, "I wanted to make myself beautiful, so first I put in just *one* curler, and then I put in another and then *another—*"

I had once seen a revue in which a lady undressed while chanting a lyric that proclaimed her complete unconsciousness of what she was doing. She came to my mind rather vividly.

"—I hadn't *meant* to," Elaine finished, "but you know how these things happen."

Arthur got up and brushed sand from his legs. "I'm going in," he said. "You coming, George?"

George hesitated and looked at Elaine, who looked straight at Arthur.

"Oh, do go," she said. "Do go with Arthur, in case he gets scared."

If it was a challenge, Arthur ignored it.

"Why would he be scared?" George asked, looking bewildered.

"Never mind," said Elaine, "just hop to it, and I'll come and watch you."

She arched her back, stood up, and followed the two young men. The other girls sat up and watched her go.

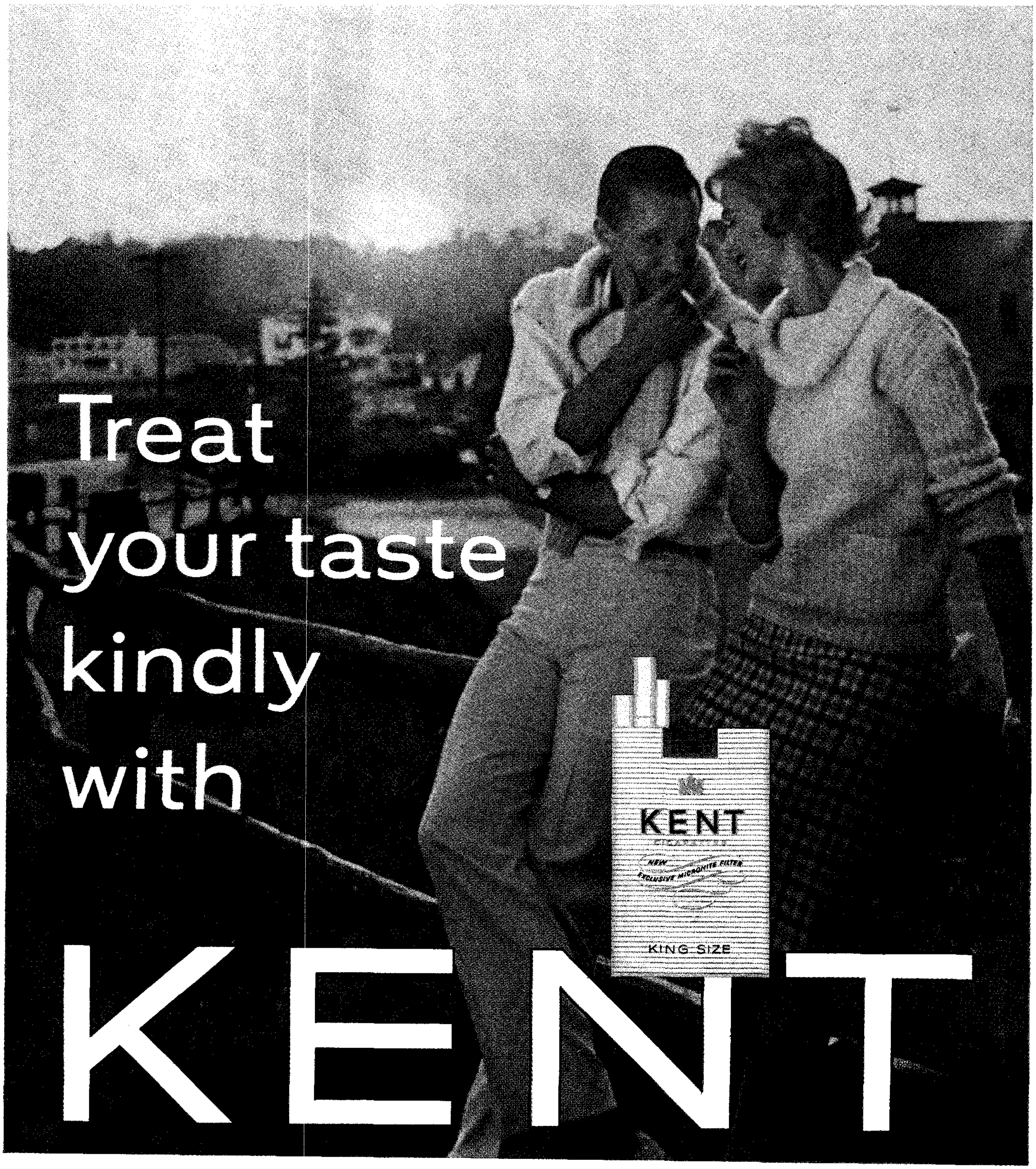
"What was all *that* about?" said the girl whose eyes were green.

"Who knows," said the other. "Could be it's a line."

"Oh, great," the other girl said. "Terrific."

"Fantastic," said her companion, whose suit was blue.

"She's kind of darling," the green girl said bravely. "Even with the curl-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ers. Your brother's crazy about her, isn't he?"

"George? He's snowed. He got me to ask her here for the club dance. Personally, I think he's wasting his time."

"She certainly doesn't act like his date," said the green girl.

"She's seen Arthur," said the blue one.

"Oh, great."

They both gazed out at the sea. I opened my magazine again, but the wind still sent their voices to me.

"She's terrific, though," said the green girl. "Smith?"

"Radcliffe."

"Oh, great. Practically Harvard. Sophomore?"

"Freshman. But she goes with the senior men a lot, so she looks older."

There was a silence. "What are you going to wear tonight?" the green girl asked, breaking it.

"My red. What are you?"

"Oh, it's terrific. White lace top and a sort of whoosh skirt. It was Mother's." She wriggled her toes in the sand.

"It sounds marvellous," said the blue girl, producing a new word.

"Who'll notice?" said the green girl.

I LOOKED at my magazine. There seemed to be some difference of opinion about the trend in winter waists. They were going up unless they went down. Then the two young men came back and flung themselves on the sand. Elaine came after them and resumed her mermaid posture.

"Arthur wasn't scared at all," she announced sweetly. "I was quite proud of him."

"Look, Elaine," said the pink and dripping George, "where do you get this scared stuff? Arthur's on the swimming team, in case you didn't know."

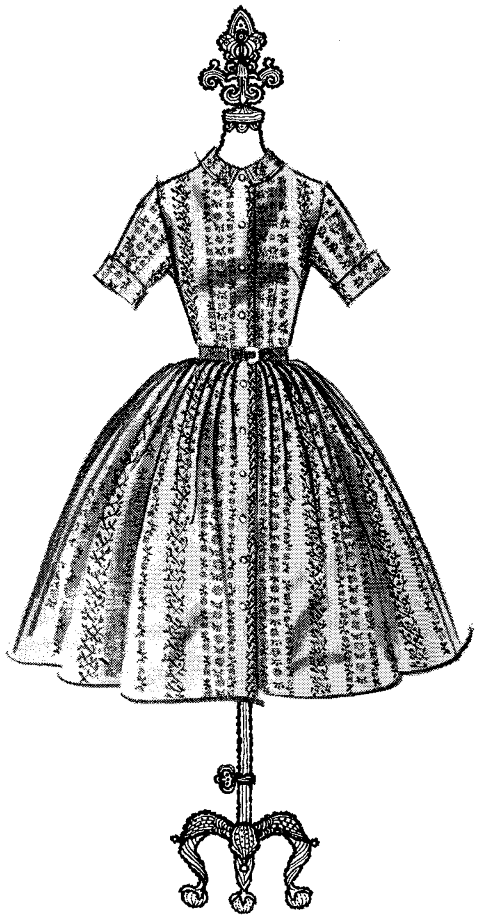
"He could still be scared." She reached into a beach bag and drew out a mirror, in which she examined herself. "Lots of things scare him. Curlers." She touched her rolled-up hair. "Horses."

"Horses?" George repeated.

"Well, gracious!" said Elaine. "What happened when we all went riding? He made some nauseating excuse like having to study, or what have you."

"No, listen, Elaine," said George earnestly, and as if Arthur weren't there, "he told me about that. He wanted to go, but he saw we were a horse short, so he was just being polite. Like being the perfect guest."

Elaine kept her eyes on Arthur. "Little Lord Chesterfield," she said



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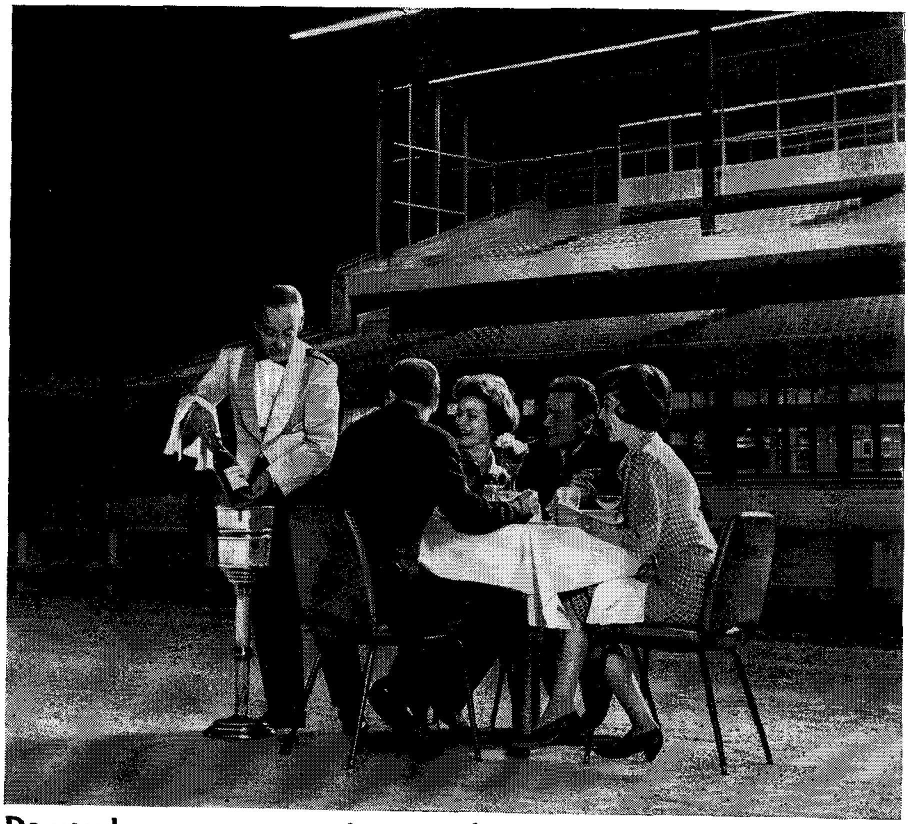

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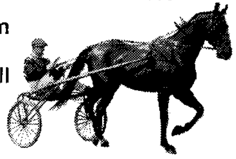

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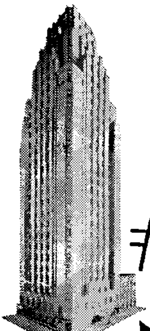

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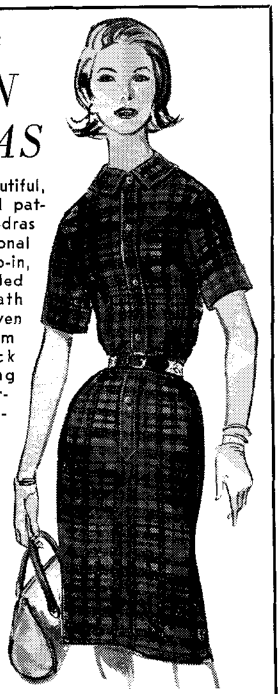

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gaily. "Or perfect like being scared." For the first time, she addressed Arthur directly. "Or can't you ride, darling?"

"Christ," said Arthur. "I've been riding since I was two years old." He turned and started a conversation with the green-suited girl, who responded with touching gratitude.

Elaine sat quiet for a time and then shivered ostentatiously. "I'm cold," she said. "Who's got my sweater?"

George's sister roused herself. "You left it at the house," she said. "You said you wouldn't need it."

"How nauseating," said Elaine.

George half got up. "I'll drive back and get it for you," he said. "Or bring you a coat or something."

"Oh, great," said Elaine. "This will do." She picked up a towel, but didn't put it over her shoulders.

The green girl said something that made Arthur laugh out loud. Elaine waited a moment and then stretched out and touched his foot. "It's a bug," she said seductively. "Just a little bug."

He twitched his foot away without looking round, and Elaine smiled as though the rebuff had been a caress. She was quiet for quite a little time. Then her hands went to her head and, humming, she began to unroll the curlers, one by one. When they were all out, she took a comb from her beach bag and combed her hair into a glistening swirl.

"Gosh!" said George. "What makes it look so light, like that?"

"It's the sun," said Elaine. "It bleaches it, sort of."

"The sun does wonders," said George's sister. "And the plastic bottle with the spray-on top helps. That's a joke," she added hastily. "Joke—ha, ha."

Arthur turned lazily and studied Elaine. She met his look and seemed to consider. "Oh, well," she said, "I guess I'll go swim now."

George started to get up, but she pointed to the curlers, which she had dropped on the sand. "Pick them up for me, sweety-pie," she said, "and dump them in my bag, and don't lose any."

"Got your bathing cap?" George asked solicitously.

She shook out her shining hair. "Oh, I never wear a cap," she said.

Slowly, Arthur came to life. "Look," he said, "you come here with your hair in those awful things, and now, when it looks"—he stopped and then continued—"and now when it's all dry, you're going to get it wet again and get all that curl out. You out of your mind, or something?"

Elaine smiled at him as Eve might

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have smiled at Adam, and without answering went down to the sea.

Ulysses was bound. Arthur was not. "Excuse me," he said to the green-suited girl as he got to his feet.

I went back to my magazine. Waists, it said, were definitely staying put.

—PATRICIA COLLINGE

•

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[*This week's award goes to the brokerage firm of Wellington & Co., 120 Broadway, whose unusual concern for the financial health of its clients is evidenced by the following important notice*]

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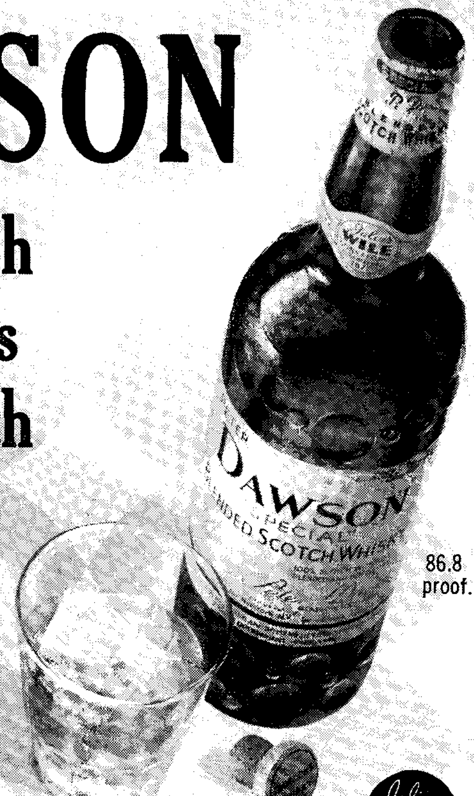

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THE RACE TRACK

Greentree Plum

IT was a good bet that there would be plenty of two-year-olds on hand for the Hopeful Stakes last Saturday, which closed the successful meeting at Saratoga Springs. Catullus, who had been unbeaten this season, was the obvious favorite, and Bonjour, a likely aspirant, had a solid following, too, but a number of trainers contemplating the form of these two colts decided that anybody could win, so why not have a go at it. Well, a dozen ran, and the winner turned up in Greentree Stable's Outing Class, who beat Alabama Bound, a maiden, by a couple of lengths. Catullus and Bonjour, both of whom had rough trips, were down the course. No doubt if Outing Class hadn't been a stablemate of Catullus, and for that reason coupled in the betting with him, he'd have been a long shot. As it was, he paid $4.50. Speaking of odds, Final Ruling, who was third, a head behind Alabama Bound, was 160–1 to win and paid only 13–1 to show. That's the mutuels for you. As I saw the race on TV, Alabama Bound left the starting gate like the midnight choo-choo in the song, and ran the first quarter in 0:22 and the half in 0:45, and before he had reached the six-furlong mark everything that had tried to keep pace with him was dizzy. Outing Class, who began slowly, was next to last at the half-mile pole, but from there on he was burning gas. In the circumstances, it isn't easy to assess his true ability, and I shall not try. While congratulations were falling thick and fast in the winner's circle (Greentree had also won half an hour before with a filly named First Dark), somebody asked Jock Whitney, who races the stable in partnership with his sister Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson, whether Outing Class had surprised him. "I'm always surprised when I have a winner," said Mr. Whitney.

The last time Greentree won the Hopeful was in 1941. As a matter of fact, the stable made a clean sweep of it that year, with Devil Diver finishing first, Shut Out second, and Amphitheatre third. (Amphitheatre was in Mrs. Payson's Manhasset Stable but was saddled by John Gaver, Greentree's trainer.) The story I liked about that Hopeful was that Arcaro, who rode Shut Out, and Meade, who rode Amphitheatre, agreed the night before the race that whichever won would divide the winning jockey's bonus (the usual ten per cent) with the other—a permissible arrangement, since their mounts would be coupled in the betting. However, because they thought Devil Diver, the third member of the entry, didn't have much of a chance, they left Skelly, the apprentice jockey who rode him, out of the deal. Just for that, Devil Diver led all the way. And Skelly didn't divide.

HAVING gone all out for Affectionately months ago, I don't have anything left to say about her most recent victory, in the Spinaway on Wednesday of last week, other than that she was never headed. That makes nine firsts out of ten starts. The same afternoon, Kelso came out for a gallop on the grass, and won it, too. Later in the week, to wind up a pleasant season at the Spa, Mr. Fitz saddled three winners in succession for the Wheatley Stable—Bold Consort, Rebellious, and Royal Record.

THOUGH light-harness horses from abroad haven't fared as well at Roosevelt Raceway this year as they have in the past, they've put up a good show. None of the five visitors from across the water was in the money in the big International Trot a fortnight ago—it was won by Tie Silk, a Canadian-owned American-bred, who beat Su Mac Lad by a neck, with Porterhouse third—and the visitors had no better luck in the Challenge Cup last Saturday night. Su Mac Lad won this one by half a length from Duke Rodney, and again Porterhouse was third. Tie Silk was next to last. To me, a sightseer from the runners, the heroine of the latter affair was Ordeal, an eleven-year-old mare from New Zealand, who led for a mile of the mile and a quarter, and finished fourth. Another good try was that of Eidelstedter, the entry from West Germany, who was a neck behind Ordeal as they passed under the wire. This department is all for more Internationals at Roosevelt Raceway. Giddyap! —AUDAX MINOR

•

The FBI interviewed hundreds of persons in an effort to determine whether any federal law was violated in the crash. It is against the law to blow up an airliner. —*Rochester (N.Y.) Democrat & Chronicle.*

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BOOKS

The Rueful Cameraman

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD did not select an epigraph for his new novel, "Down There on a Visit" (Simon & Schuster), but one exists—a short poem in which Paul Verlaine, weeping, asks himself, "What have you done with your youth?" Mr. Isherwood seems to be answering that question, though in a more reserved mood of despair—no tears, but an upper lip that sometimes quivers. The novel is made up of four episodes in the life of the narrator, a man named Christopher Isherwood, the author of novels entitled "All the Conspirators" and "The Memorial," who at one point is writing a novel about Germany and who has collaborated with "my friend, Hugh Weston" on a book of reporting on the Sino-Japanese War. Each episode is separate in place and in time: "Mr. Lancaster" occurs in a North German seaport in 1928, "Ambrose" on a Greek islet in 1933, "Waldemar" in England in 1938; "Paul," which begins in and around Hollywood in the nineteen-forties, has a European coda in 1952 and 1953. Each starts off by briefing the reader on the character Christopher Isherwood, as of there and then—about his appearance, achievements, opinions, disappointments, and expectations; each deals with men who by their own nature or their own will, by the incomprehension of society, or by plain bad luck are alone. And, mostly, Christopher either cannot or does not help them.

Mr. Lancaster, an elderly shipping executive, has no relatives and no friends; his demand for help is unspoken, and twenty-three-year-old Christopher doesn't recognize it. He sees Mr. Lancaster as a protean bore—an argumentative bore, a mystifying bore, a patronizing bore, a querulous bore, a pompous, didactic, poetic, philosophical, and Philistine bore. He doesn't realize until much later that Mr. Lancaster wanted him to become his admiring quasi-son. Ambrose, an English homosexual roughing it on a barren Greek island populated by rats, flies, beetles, his small staff, and his few guests, makes no demand on Christopher. Ambrose's acceptance of *his* isolation—"But one's always alone, ducky. Surely you know that"—fascinates Isherwood. He would like to make an impression on a man so self-sufficiently wretched; it is defeating to him that he can't. Waldemar wants something specific from Christopher: money, and help in getting a visa, so he won't have to return to Germany. Most of all, he would like Christopher to take him along to America; Christopher had taken him to Greece in 1933. Christopher refuses. Waldemar is another version of Otto, the lively, amoral working-class youth of Isherwood's "Goodbye to Berlin," who was "naturally and healthily selfish, like an animal." Christopher loves Waldemar (or he did in 1933, anyhow), "not Waldemar personally, but what he represents . . . the candor and innocence of his experience . . . his selfishness and lack of guilt. . . . I love him somewhat as you love an animal." (This suggests that the author does not know that you love animals precisely as you love people and that they love you as animals love.) Isherwood seems to put a lot of stock in the notion that there are people with the innocent amorality of animals; he says of a minor character in "Paul" that "she is an animal person; she has that cozy quality of a subhuman and therefore guiltless creature." I think Isherwood must be thinking of mermen; I doubt that any human being lives guiltless—without a code, however bizarre, or without a conscience, however original its promptings. But this identification of Waldemar with animals may help explain Christopher's refusal to aid him not only in 1938 but in 1952, when Waldemar, living in East Berlin, again hopefully asks for help in getting to America. Paul has been "the most expensive male prostitute in the world." In 1940, in Hollywood, and on the verge of suicide, he turns to Christopher, who saves his life, and then tries to save his soul by introducing him to an ascetic, mystical religious discipline. In time Paul is strong enough to assume the management of his own life, and to leave both the West Coast and his rescuer. The break is not bitter, although each makes an unkind appraisal of the other. Who has failed whom? Neither. It is the possibility of human intimacy or human empathy—even when guided by religion—that has failed.

In the past, Mr. Isherwood has used a character named "Christopher Isherwood" as, he once explained, "a convenient ventriloquist's dummy, nothing more," but this disclaimer of autobiographical intention was followed by the statement that "I [Christopher Isherwood] am a camera with its shutter open, quite passive, recording, not thinking." And not judging, either—least of all judging "I," the camera, "Christopher Isherwood." But "Down There on a Visit" deliberately examines and often harshly judges its narrator. It has the tone of a penitent, slightly exhibitionistic confession, and it is difficult to review the novel without appearing to review the novelist.

"Mr. Lancaster," which

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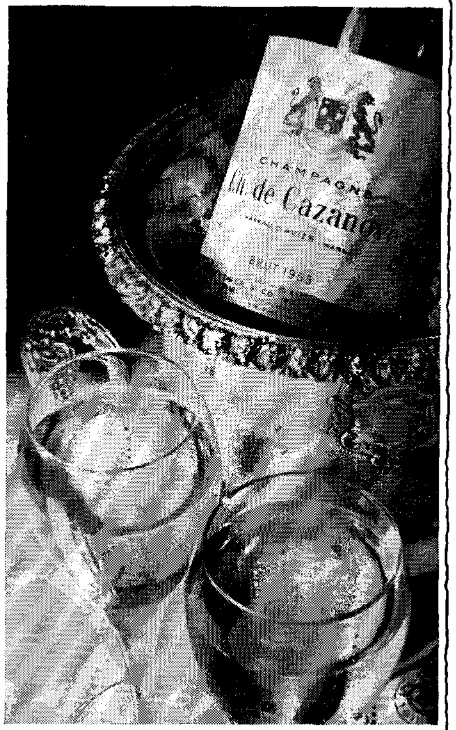

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deals with a repellent old man at the end of his tether, is also a funny, wistful presentation of the young artist as hobbledehoy. It's no more critical than that. Christopher Isherwood is fairly kind to "Christopher Isherwood." He laughs at him but he forgives him—the character is still so busy struggling against his parents' generation that he can scarcely be expected to comprehend that one of its members is tragic. Belatedly he concludes, "I think I see now that Mr. Lancaster's invitation to me was his last attempt to re-establish relations with the outside world"—the world outside himself. Then he generalizes: "Despair is something horribly simple. . . . Few of us can bear much pain of this kind and remain conscious." The camera-novelist would not have said that. "Ambrose" ends in personal rather than generalized despair: "Every so often . . . I would think of Ambrose out there alone. He was right, I would say to myself; I didn't belong on his island. But now I knew that I didn't belong here, either. Or anywhere." And in "Ambrose" Isherwood begins to develop a theme that threads through the book: Christopher's lack of deep political feeling. Christopher is distressed to recognize that he has never been "seriously involved" in German politics, and asks himself as he leaves Nazi Germany, "Aren't I as irresponsible as ever, running away from the situation like this? Isn't it somehow a betrayal?" Later, he remarks on his "public and proper and respectable" hostility toward the Nazis, in contrast to another sort of hostility, "which isn't respectable or proper, but which sometimes goes much deeper" and which "you can perhaps only feel for your own class and kind." In "Waldemar," which takes place in England during the Munich crisis, he finds he is frightened not by the Germans but by the prospect of English mobilization, by "the image of authority. . . . It is English authority that I dread. If the Nazis got over here, I should be terrified of them, of course; but I could never, at the deepest level of my consciousness, take them quite seriously. Not as seriously as I took my first headmaster." Christopher's anti-Fascism, then, is reduced to his fight for personal emancipation from the grownups. That battle won, he cares nothing about politics.

Is it wrong not to care about politics? I don't know. It's the sort of moral difficulty that exists only in the few places where one may still choose to be a bystander. Having the choice is a matter of luck, and people do feel guilty about be-

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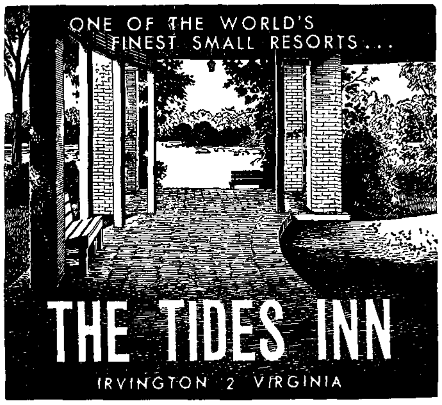

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ing lucky. Pretending you care more about the victims of politics than you do deserves censure. So, perhaps, does self-deception. Still, one can't help thinking the author is being a little too hard on his narrator for not having solved an insoluble problem—the adjustment between the rights of self and the justifiable and boundless demands on our unselfishness. Only saints seem to have the reservoir of detached compassion the world requires, and in "Paul" the narrator tries saintliness. He writes movie scripts and makes more money than he can spend, especially since he has renounced tobacco, alcohol, and sex, and in his spare time he meditates as he was taught to do by an Englishman who had reached California by way of the Himalayas and who teaches how to commune with God by contemplation. The narrator's new faith resolves one old problem. During the Munich crisis, he had discovered that "as far as I am concerned, nothing, nothing, nothing is worth a war;" now he knows (religiously rather than politically) that he is not a coward but a pacifist. He brings the proverbial ardor of a convert to the business of converting Paul; he shares not only his faith but his money, his apartment, and his friends in the effort to bleach the black sheep. Yet ultimately Paul makes the severest accusation anyone, including Isherwood, levels at the leading man: "You're exactly like a tourist who thinks he can take in the whole of Rome in one day. You know, you really *are* a tourist, to your bones. I bet you're always sending post cards with 'Down here on a visit' on them. That's the story of your life."

In Paul's view, and perhaps in the author's, he hasn't stuck to anything—to a person, or a cause, or even, like Paul, to a course of self-destruction. The word "tourist" is particularly cruel, since Christopher has been, from first to last, a rebel against his "own class and kind," the bourgeoisie, the world's tourists, who never get so lost in the slums that they can't find a policeman or who, after a misadventure abroad, don't hesitate to appeal to their consul.

Still, tourism is one of Isherwood's literary assets; he operates like a fact-finding committee for the English-speaking middle class, a traveller who is never too involved to send home a full report, a visitor who makes pitiful, *outré*, debauched, unlikely persons, settings, and actions as plausible as government bonds.

Besides, Isherwood always seems a new writer. Instead of being tied down, he is "irresponsible," he is available for

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enthusiastic fresh starts, a condition that has the effect of prolonging youth, and this may partly explain that seeming newness. And youthfulness, even belated or irrelevant, is attractive. It seems, for instance, very young—and very appealing—to turn from total disbelief to an attempt at the most difficult of religious experiences: direct knowledge of God without the supports of ritual, liturgy, theology, or habitual congregational worship. In a sense, our hero's answer to Verlaine's "What have *you done with your youth?*" might be "I've messed it up, but I still have it with me."

The price of constant travelling may include loneliness—the narrator complains about this from time to time—and prolonged youthfulness has some drawbacks. Parts of "Down There on a Visit" are fumbling. Most of the novel is written sharply, with honest, flat wit, and is joined by suitably invisible seams. But the style is frequently flawed by unconscious repetition and small redundancies, and the structure by conversations, statements, and incidents that go on too long. Telling all is a youthful failing; the old hand knows how to tell just enough. "Down There on a Visit" is an uneven though never uninteresting book. Whatever the faults of Christopher Isherwood or "Christopher Isherwood," one admires the candor, if not the innocence, of their joint experience. —NAOMI BLIVEN

•

A severe sunburn not only can be fatal, but it can land you in the hospital—and you may never be the same again.—*Los Angeles Herald-Examiner.*

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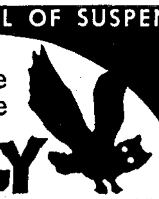

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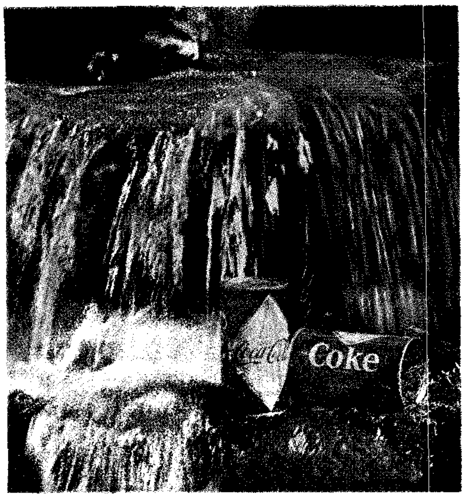
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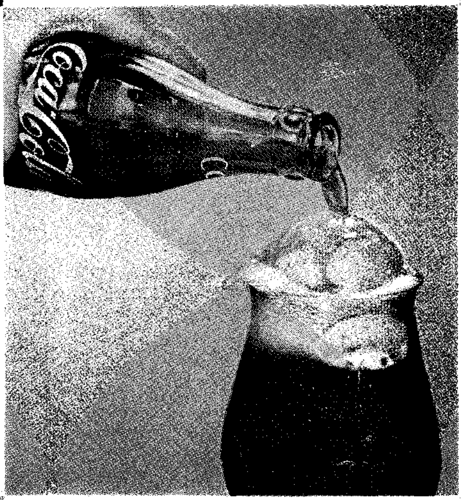

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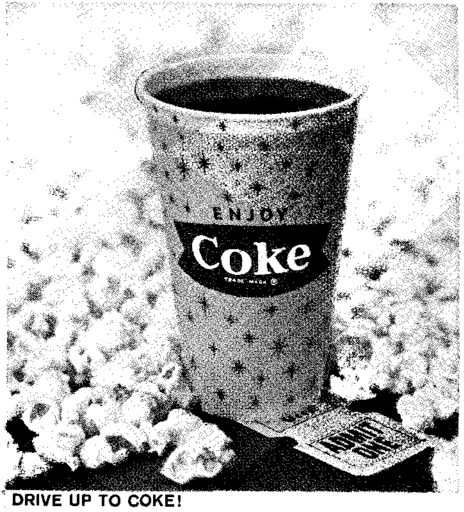
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